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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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MILITARY TOPS IN ACTION.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 162.]

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A DEMOCRATIC PROTEST.

THE course of Senator HILL as the Democratic boss of New York has at last aroused some opposition in his party; and a movement has begun, under the leadership of Democrats who may be called CLEVELAND Democrats, to prevent the success of Mr. HILL'S schemes. It is proposed to call another Democratic State Convention to elect delegates to the National Convention, depending upon the CLEVELAND sentiment in that Convention to admit the contesting delegation as the real representatives of the New York Democracy. Such action, from the party point of view, is revolution. The contestants claim to be Democrats in good standing, and they concede the equal Democracy of Senator HILL, Tammany Hall, and the State Committee of their party. They do not impeach the "regularity" of the action of the committee; and by emphasizing the fact that they are party men, they virtually allege their intention to support the nominations of the Democratic National Convention. What, then, is the ground of the protest? There being no question of the authority of the State Committee to call a Convention according to its judgment, and no question of the "regularity" either of the committee or of its action, which was unanimous, for what reason is its action now disputed by Democrats who claim to be regular party men? How can Mr. COUDERT, for instance, compliment the splendid services of Mr. HILL to his party, and simultaneously denounce his course as un-Democratic? In 1848 the Democratic party of New York sent two delegations to the National Convention. But the party was rent by the question of slavery, and so deep was the breach that one faction, rather than share its vote with the other, withdrew from the Convention, and joined in the third-party movement and the defeat of the Democratic candidate. But there is great care taken now not to announce any such intention.

What public question now divides the Democratic party in New York? Three months ago some of the leaders in the present movement exhorted independent voters to join them in electing Mr. FLOWER and confirming the power of Mr. HILL and Tammany Hall, the forces most notoriously and resolutely hostile to Mr. CLEVELAND, and to do this as a means of securing tariff reform. Mr. FLOWER was elected by a united Democratic party and many independent voters, and from that moment the prospect of Mr. CLEVELAND'S nomination declined. These gentlemen had confirmed the power of the most relentless opponents of Mr. CLEVELAND. What public question has since arisen which authorizes Democrats who insist upon their regularity to refuse to acknowledge the hitherto undisputed authority of their party organization and to call a revolutionary party convention in the State to contest in the National Convention the right of an authority which three months ago they acknowledged, and invited voters who were not Democrats to join them in acknowledging? Obviously no question whatever. The manifesto of the movement states as its motive the fact that the State Convention to elect delegates to the National Convention has been called to meet in midwinter, upon four weeks' notice. But one of the leaders is reported to have said—and there is no doubt that his remark, whether he made it or not, is true—that if the State Convention called upon four weeks' notice were known to be favorable to Mr. CLEVELAND, the revolutionary movement would not have been undertaken.

This plea of too short notice of the Convention, or any other plea, might serve as a rallying cry for those who intended to bolt the national nominations if they did not like them, but that purpose is not alleged, and a short notice of a Convention is not a reason for regular Democrats in good standing to resist the regular and undoubted authority of their unanimous State Committee. An irregular delegation elected upon such a plea could not be admitted to the National Convention without discrediting the whole Democratic party organization. The purpose of the call of the State Convention is plain enough. It is to promote Mr. HILL'S nomination. But there is no substance whatever in the plea of the contestants if they call themselves regular Democrats. Four weeks is ample time in which to hold the local meetings for the election of State delegates. As Mr. GEORGE BLISS has recently said of the Republican party, "the precedents favor issuing a call at least twenty-four days before the assembling of the Convention." What is not unreasonable for one party is certainly not so for the other, and it would be remarkable if the highest party tribunal should unseat a delegation elected in pursuance of unquestionable party authority on the ground that four weeks did not offer sufficient time in which to select delegates to a State Convention. The movement has begun four or five months too late. When the party friends of Mr. CLEVELAND in New York strove vigorously to secure the success of the HILL-MURPHY-Tammany combination in the election of Mr. FLOWER, and succeeded, they apparently defeated the nomination of Mr. CLEVELAND. For even if their delegation should be admitted to the Convention, and Mr. CLEVELAND should be nominated, is it supposed that there would be in New York a united and enthusiastic Democratic vote for him at the polls? Or if the object of the demonstration be merely to affect the action of the Convention by apprising Democrats in other States that there is a strong party opposition to Mr. HILL in New York, could that revelation have any other result than to carry the nomination elsewhere, and in a way not unacceptable to Mr. HILL and his friends?

THE RUSSIAN FAMINE.

MR. CHARLES EMORY SMITH, our Minister in Russia, has made a painful but timely report to the State Department of the lamentable situation in that country. The famine threatens to be one of the worst ever known, and relief to be efficacious must be immediate. The famine is general in thirteen provinces, which in area are as large as the States of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, and Kentucky, and have a population of about twenty-seven millions. There are five provinces in which the want is partial, and which are in extent as large as the States of Indiana, Iowa, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Illinois, North and South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, and half of Ohio, and have a population nearly double that of the eleven States. This vast section is agricultural, and ordinarily the most fruitful soil of Russia. It is officially estimated that fourteen million persons in these provinces are without food or means of support. For three years the crops have been inadequate. The peasants save little, but live wholly upon the annual crops, so that a severe drought exposes them to famine. But this is only the beginning. When crops fail, the government loses revenue; but taxes and rents continue, and besides food, the peasants then lack clothing, firewood, farm tools, and food for horses and cattle.

With the failure of food, there is now also a want of fuel, and much suffering is due to the cold. Barns are torn down, and the wood burned. There is no work in winter, and the men wander off, leaving their wives and children that there may be fewer to consume the food. The food itself is often of a kind to breed disease, and the situation is appalling. This is the time for succor, not only because of the want, but because of the greater ease of transport. In January, February, and March the roads are good. The rivers are frozen. Two or three railroads run into the famished districts, but as they have no branches, supplies must be carried for long distances on sleds. In spring when the roads break up, relief will be much more difficult. Every week is vital. Mr. SMITH says: "One hundred and eighty million pounds of food are necessary. Fifty car loads should arrive every day in these stricken provinces, but only eleven car loads per day were received Christmas week. The imperial government so far has appropriated $42,500,000 from the public Treasury for the work of relief. But the work must still go on. The Russian Emperor has personally given enormously, and all classes are giving according to their means. The loss to the government revenue will be $100,000,000 or more, while a conservative estimate of the loss to Russia in view of all consequences is placed at not less than $500,000,000."

There has been as yet but little relief from abroad. But there has been great activity in some parts of this country, and especially in Iowa, where Governor BOIES issued a proclamation some weeks ago, and appointed a committee of one representative from each Congressional district, who as the Russian Famine Relief Committee have been very efficient. It is proposed to send a great supply of shelled corn from the amply stored granaries of the State, and the railroads have offered free transport, and the committee is in communication with the Russian legation in Washington. The distribution in the districts along the Volga River, which seem to be the most accessible, will be supervised by an agent of the Red Cross Association. As the Russians are not familiar with American corn, simple recipes for cooking will be sent with the grain, and perhaps hand-mills for grinding. The women of Iowa have organized a State Auxiliary Committee, named by the Governor, which will extend itself, and interest in the cause every township in the State. There will be apparently some delay in transport on the ocean, as the only vessel offered by the government is, we believe, the sailing-ship *Constellation*. As Mr. TILLINGHAST, the secretary of the Iowa Russian Famine Relief Committee, truly says, "the time lost in waiting for favorable winds means the death by starvation of thousands." The proverb was never truer than in this case—he gives twice who gives quickly. Governor PATTISON, of Pennsylvania, and Governor MERRIAM, of Minnesota, have also commended the exigency to public attention, and advise that contributions be sent to the National Relief Committee in Washington. The New York Chamber of Commerce, which has so often hastened to the relief of unusual distress in our own and foreign lands, has also taken hold of the matter. At an enthusiastic meeting on Thursday last a committee of fifty was appointed to organize and conduct a general and systematic movement throughout the entire country. An appeal is to be made by them to the people generally for contributions to a fund to be distributed in Russia through such channels as may seem most efficacious and reliable. Subscription books have been opened, and it is confidently expected that generous responses will be made to this most urgent call for help. Simultaneously with the shocking reports of the famine comes the story that the Czar proposes the restoration of serfdom in some of the provinces.

THE ELECTION IN ENGLAND.

LORD SALISBURY'S recent speech at Exeter, in England, was made the occasion of a great Tory demonstration. There was a vast crowd, estimated at ten thousand persons, and there was plenty of enthusiasm, cheering, and singing of patriotic songs. The Prime Minister was received with delight, and his speech was evidently designed to show the Tory platform for the coming election of Parliament. After criticising various measures proposed by the Liberal party, the Tory leader declared that the burning question was still that of Ireland. This was the great issue for the election, because it involved nothing less than the integrity of the empire. Lord SALISBURY explained the recent Tory losses in "by-elections," and especially in Lord HARTINGTON'S old district of Rosendale, by the loss of personal influence. That, however, is an explanation which does not explain. At every poll and in every election there is personal influence which accounts for certain votes. But when Lord HARTINGTON, by becoming the Duke of Devonshire, ceases to be a member of the House of Commons, and his influence disappears from the election to fill his place, the result shows the real sentiment of the voters.

The Irish, said Lord SALISBURY, quarrel among themselves, but they agree in demanding separation from England, and in requiring concessions from Mr. GLADSTONE to that end. But the first step in concession, he said, will soon lead to others, and finally place Ireland in the hands of the priests, who in all English quarrels with Spain, South America, and France, invariably fought against England. One of the accounts speaks of the unusual earnestness and even solemnity with which the Prime Minister declared that the issue was an appeal to the tough old quality of the English race which had made historic England. The concession which was now

sought by Ireland would begin the disintegration of the British Empire. If Englishmen failed in this momentous hour of trial, the flowers would be plucked one by one from the diadem of British greatness, and the country would slowly recede from the proud position given to it by brave Englishmen in other days. "I appeal to you to make every effort to avert such a crowning calamity and disgrace." The force of such an appeal to a people of the pride and tenacity of Englishmen is undoubtedly very great, and it is easy to believe that the speech was very impressive.

But the tone is familiar. Lord SHELBURNE we think it was who saw in American independence the end of British dominion; and Lord ST. VINCENT, when the bill abolishing the slave trade passed the House of Lords, walked out of the House, washing his hands of the ruin of the British Empire. GOLDWIN SMITH eloquently lamented that by resisting American independence, England lost forever the opportunity of being truly the mother of a great nation. Such an anticipation for Ireland may not now be reasonable. But a relation between the two countries in conformity with modern views of such relations would seem to be practicable. Even the priests do not represent the priestly power and purpose known to Elizabethan England, and that now, after six centuries of the relation of the two countries, the question of making it an amicable relation should be the burning question of English politics is a fact of immense meaning. An election campaign in England in accord with Lord SALISBURY'S first gun will be one of very great interest.

LIQUOR-SELLING.

THE *Times* recently presented a view of excise legislation which was novel and worthy of attention. State politics are very different from national politics, and an intelligent citizen may often find himself obliged to vote with one party upon a national policy and with another upon State issues. Last autumn we suggested that the citizens of New York were called to vote upon ballot reform and the liquor laws, and not upon tariff reform. The State administration and the Legislature act upon the latter and kindred subjects, and not upon the tariff, and as Tammany Hall and Governor HILL and the liquor interest were not friendly to any reform, and were invincibly hostile to the chief representative of tariff reform, it did not seem to us to be "good politics" to bring them into power.

The first result of the Democratic success was, of course, the practical supremacy in the party of the Tammany combination and the ascendency of Mr. HILL. The second was the theft of the Senate, one of the worst outrages possible upon free government. The third is the excise bill of the liquor interest now pending in the Legislature, and upon which the *Times* comments. It says that under the present laws everybody who chooses sells liquor, and "if there were no law upon the subject, there is no reason to suppose that there would be any more bar-rooms opened, that they would be opened in any different places, or that there would be any more liquor drank." The sale is practically unrestricted. "In fact, what the bill proposes is to legalize what is already the practice of the Excise Commissioners and liquor-dealers, and that is the reason why it horrifies decent people." Its enactment would be, of course, disgraceful, but it would make no difference in the conduct of the liquor business, at least in the city of New York.

This is an unusual view of the subject, but it is not without reason. Nobody doubts that any one who wishes a dram can readily find it, nor that there is any effective restriction of the sale of liquor on Sundays. Is it better that what is undeniably done should be done in violation of law by bribery, and without punishment either of the offence or of the bribery, or that it should be permitted by the absence of restrictive law? Does not the situation show a public apathy which makes an effective restriction impossible? And reasoning upon the principles of the government, is not the popular approval of a party which, as a party, is notoriously in practical alliance with the liquor interest which has prepared and introduced this bill, a substantial popular approval of the bill? Can any effectual legislation be reasonably anticipated from this Legislature, and if it could be, would it be enforced? This is the question which the *Times* practically asks, and to which there seems to be no answer satisfactory to the honest friends of temperance. Those friends have raised the alarm, and will contest the passage of the bill. It may be a bill which asks more than it expects to obtain. But no improvement in the present situation can be anticipated at present.

THE NEW RULES OF THE HOUSE.

THE debate on the rules in the House of Representatives has been very long, and the important point has been to provide for the prevention of a dead-lock. Nothing can be more ridiculous than a system of rules of procedure which enables a minority to prevent the action of the majority. It is a subversion of popular government. Congress is elected to enact laws that express the will of the majority of the people. That will is indicated by the views of those whom the majority of the people elect as their representatives. Congress, indeed, is a deliberative body that the minority may be able to present their views, and so far as possible to modify the action of the majority.

But it is obvious that under the plea of reasonable discussion the minority cannot deprive the majority—that is to say, the people—of their right of government. The majority may not rightfully silence the minority and prevent debate, but there must be some method of ending debate, and proceeding to the great function of Congress, which is action. The power of ending debate must be intrusted to some authority. That is naturally the majority. But the majority is represented by the Speaker, and it may therefore prescribe the conditions under which he may require debate to cease and the action to be taken.

The objection to Speaker REED'S course was that he made arbitrarily a quorum. The House may require properly that every member present in the hall must vote on the summons of the Speaker, and upon a call of the House that absent members may be brought in by the Sergeant-at-Arms. It may also authorize the Speaker not to entertain dilatory motions. This is a great power; but if under the rules dilatory motions may defeat the purpose for which the House exists, that great power must be vested somewhere; and where so well as in the Speaker? This provision will be probably included in the new rules, for it is undeniable that enormous abuses had grown up under the old rules. But rules of procedure in the House ought to be so obviously fair that they should not need to be revised upon every party change in the majority.

MR. EGAN.

IT is not generally believed that President HARRISON "helped his boom" by his war message, followed so closely by the explanation of Chili that it was a question whether the document was not in Washington when the message was sent to Congress. We have compelled Chili to do what we would not do to Italy, namely, to apologize while the incident of which we complain is still undergoing investigation in her courts. But it is passed, and we are supposed to have demonstrated, what does not seem to us to require demonstration, that we do not propose to have our seamen murdered for wearing our uniform without exacting apology and reparation. We do not believe that that fact is any clearer than it was before, because we do not believe that it was ever doubted.

There still remains Mr. EGAN. Chili has said that he is not acceptable to her. She is not obliged to give a reason, but she made the statement at an inopportune moment, and withdrew it at our request. The fact nevertheless remains. He is not a *persona grata* to the Chilian government, and for reasons which are perfectly well known in this country. Our government is aware of the fact, and to retain him in Chili under such circumstances is certainly far from magnanimous.

Mr. ARNOLD, of Missouri, has introduced a resolution in the House, which, without alluding to the request of Chili, states that Mr. EGAN has made himself obnoxious to the Chilian government, and requests the President to recall him. Had the President anticipated this resolution by quietly recalling Mr. EGAN after Chili had promptly and satisfactorily complied with his demands, it would have been not only a generous act, but it would have gone very far to re-establish a good understanding. But the President was probably disconcerted by the prompt action of Chili in acceding to his request, and a Democratic effort to "force his hand" would not be successful. The resolution is so evidently a party stroke that it will hardly hasten a result which is in itself very desirable.

A BLOW AT THE LOTTERY.

THE Supreme Court has decided that the anti-lottery act of the last Congress is constitutional. It holds that the power to establish post-offices and post-roads embraces the regulation of the entire postal system of the country. It is a complete power, and carries with it power to forbid the use of the mails to aid the perpetration of crime. The Court says that there is no distinction between *mala prohibita* and *mala in se*, and that it must be left to Congress to determine what must be excluded. As the suit was brought upon a charge of sending through the mails newspapers containing lottery advertisements, the Court holds that its decision does not abridge the liberty of the press, because the government does not prohibit communication by other means, but simply through the agencies which it controls.

This last point as reported is not clear. It seems to be a statement that the liberty of the press is not abridged because it is abridged only in those agencies. But the decision is a most serious blow at the Louisiana Lottery, at which all honest citizens will rejoice. That evil is national, and maintains itself by the use of the mails. It was chartered, indeed, at the instigation of New York gamblers, and has maintained itself by the most corrupt means. It is a cancer of corruption. But if the papers which contain its advertisements are excluded from the mails, the mischief will be somewhat stayed.

The pending question in Louisiana which is of national interest is whether the Constitution of the State shall be amended to authorize the chief stockholder in the lottery and *his unnamed associates* to enjoy the exclusive right of drawing lotteries in Louisiana for twenty-five years from January 1, 1894, in consideration of the payment to the State of $31,250,000 in annual instalments of $1,250,000. This might be a fantastic Italian scheme of the Middle Ages, where some lord hires of a community the privilege of debauching it. That it should be a grave proposition in a State of the American Union in the nineteenth century is one of the most extraordinary incidents in our history. And, happily, as we write, the chief stockholder and his friends renounce the effort to obtain this unprecedented charter, and allege that in view of the general public agitation they would not accept the charter as proposed, even if the people should approve it.

THE SILVER PROSPECT.

THERE is one good sign from Washington. Mr. HARTER, of Ohio, who had invited a caucus of Democratic members to consider the silver question, has decided not to press the call. He gives as the reason that he thinks the danger of silver legislation is passed, that many free-silver men who yet love the Democratic party have learned that the passage of a free-silver bill "would rip the party down the back like a grasshopper." The opposition to such a bill, says Mr. HARTER, is greater than anybody, even among its warmest opponents, had supposed. It would be hard to find seventy-five men in the House who would not regard such a bill as a serious blunder, and equivalent to an assignment or going into bankruptcy of the Democratic party.

We are glad to have so pleasant a conclusion upon the actual situation from so competent an observer. But, assuming him to be correct, it is unfortunate that he did not persevere in his call for a caucus, because a decisive rejection of the scheme as a party policy by a party caucus would have gone far to silence the cry that free silver is a Democratic measure. As the case now stands, Mr. HARTER'S opinion is open to revision, and at some convenient moment some Democrat, who is one of the free-silver men of whom Mr. HARTER speaks, may introduce a bill and precipitate a showing of hands.

The House Committee has yet to vote upon Mr. BLAND'S free-silver bill. The majority of the Finance Committee of the Senate is opposed to the free-coinage bill, but will place it upon the calendar, to be called up at the pleasure of the Senate. The last vote of the Senate was 43 to 24 in favor of free coinage, and of the 43, 15 were Republicans, and there were but 3 Democrats opposed to it. There have been several changes in the Senate, and the result upon a vote now is very uncertain.

PERSONAL.

THE old apothegms that "hard work is happiness," and "genius is only continued patience," find an interesting verification in the career of PASTEUR, the great French chemist. In his youth he is said to have risen at four o'clock in the morning to go to his laboratory, where he was accustomed to remain, with but few interruptions, until nine at night. The story that tells how he was found in his laboratory when due at the altar to marry the rector's daughter, at Strasburg, is well known. Now, at sixty-five, he still labors over his experiments with unremitting eagerness, and with all the fine enthusiasm of youth. He has found it necessary, in his search for microbes, to gather a veritable menagerie of the smaller animals—rabbits, guinea-pigs, monkeys, and dogs—about him.

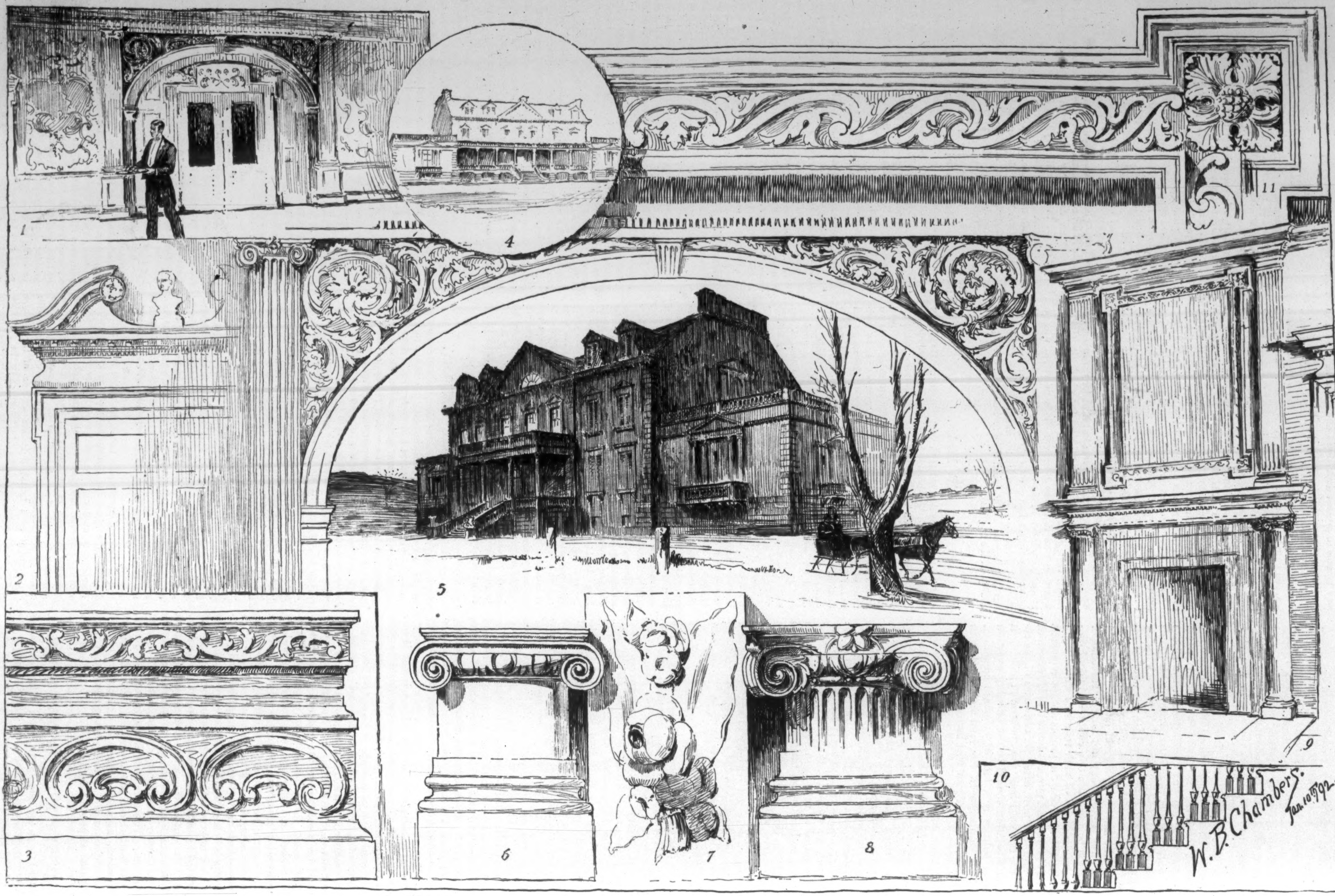
—A curious story from Russia relates that the Grand Duke SERGIUS, Governor of Moscow, recently went about that city disguised as a peasant to find by personal observation whether there was any truth in the complaints of extortion made against the bakers. At one bake shop, where he insisted on buying three kopecks' worth of bread from a loaf valued at three kopecks and a half, a quarrel ensued, which resulted in the calling of the police, who ejected the pseudo-peasant without ceremony. When the Grand Duke's identity was disclosed, three of the police-officers concerned in the affair committed suicide.

—It is apparently almost as difficult for a tradesman to gain entrance to Marlborough House, the London residence of the Prince of Wales, as it is to get within the lines of an armed camp. A narrow glass door in the right wing of the palace is reserved for such visitors, and only those having an appointment previously arranged for by the Prince's valets are admitted, while several soldiers and minor officers of the law are close about to prevent the admittance of undesirable persons. A "trade interview" with his Royal Highness is said to last about three minutes.

—JOHN M. MUNDY, the Tarrytown sculptor, who recently executed a remarkably good statue of WASHINGTON IRVING, is almost blind. He is forced to use powerful opera-glasses in the prosecution of his work, for only by their aid, it is said, can he distinguish light from darkness or see objects directly before him. He is a kindly and cheerful man of sixty, whose ceaseless struggle against the disadvantages of defective vision has in no way soured his temper. His eyesight has been gradually failing since he was a boy of fourteen.

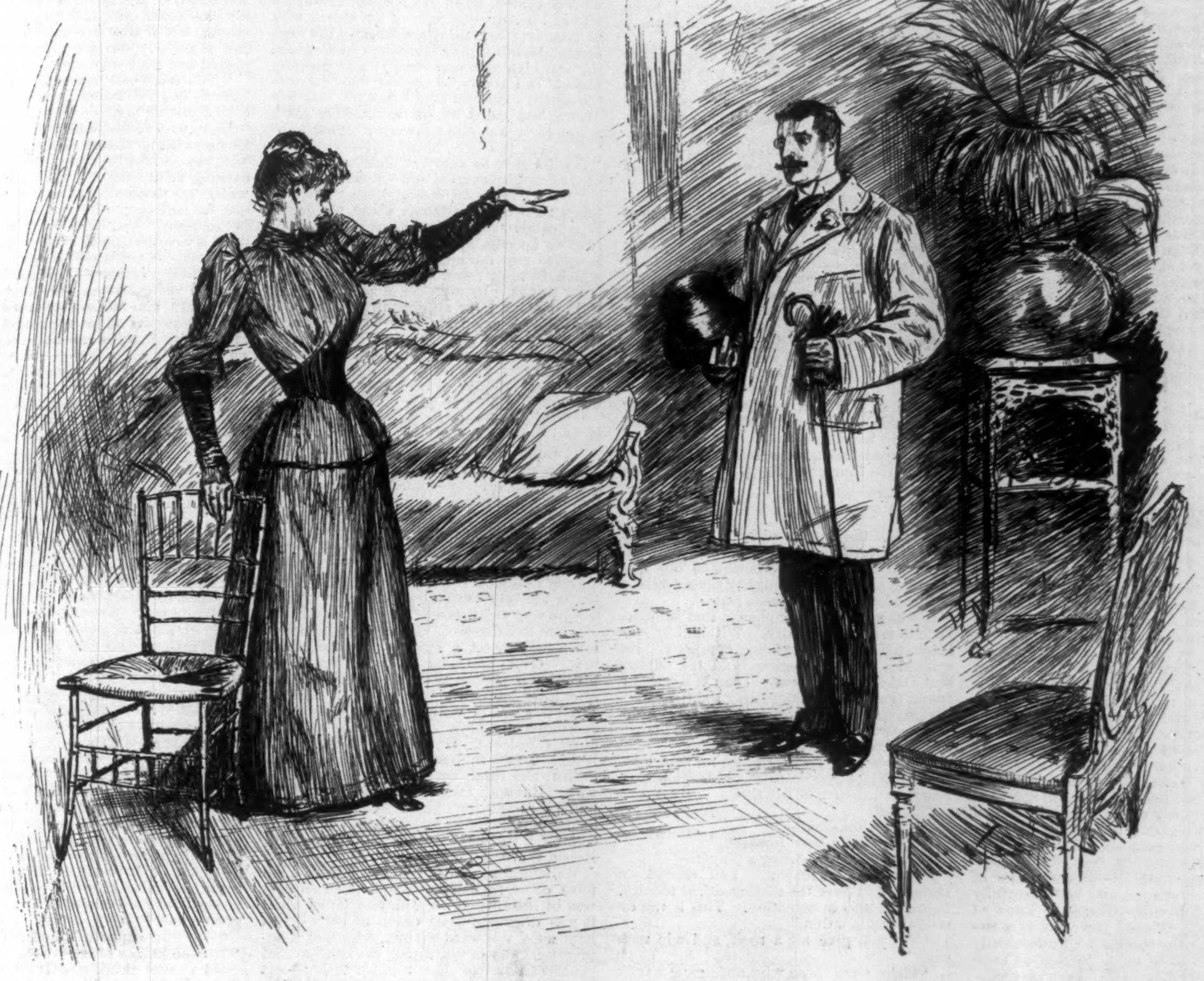
—JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG says that during the war days the poet WHITMAN, then a poor clerk on small wages in one of the Washington departments, used to make a daily pilgrimage out Pennsylvania Avenue to the camp and the hospitals. He practised the severest economy, so that every penny he could spare might go to the sick, and he was unwearying in his devotion to the wounded, carrying to them wine and cordials, mixing medicines, and frequently sitting beside a dying man's cot through the long hours of the night. It may be thought a humble war record, but to a man of the superb physical strength and vitality which WHITMAN possessed then, the confinement of the sick-room must have been as severe a test of quiet heroism as the leading of a charge on the field of battle.

—Near Torrington, Connecticut, stands the old house in which JOHN BROWN, the Harper's Ferry hero, was born. It has stood there more than a hundred years, a humble monument to the excellent carpentry of the eighteenth century, and though it is now moss-grown and in bad repair, it is still habitable. It was plainly but solidly built, with a frame-work of seasoned oak that defies the assaults of time, and to which the outer boards were fastened with ancient hand-made nails. One interesting part of the building is the generous chimney, which, at the bottom, is eight feet in breadth. The country surrounding the abolitionist's early home is said by a visitor to be most beautiful in the summer-time, and even more picturesque in the late fall, when the trees are gorgeous with color.



THE VAN RENSSELAER MANOR-HOUSE, ALBANY—PROPOSED AS NEW YORK STATE BUILDING AT THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.—Drawn by W. B. Chambers.—[See Page 166.]

1. Main Hall, Entrance to Grand Staircase. 2. Doorway, Panelled Room. 3. Dado in Panelled Room, Carved Wood. 4. Rear View of Mansion. 5. The Mansion, Front View. 6. Capital and Base of White Marble from Fireplace in Antechamber. 7. Carved Panel, White Marble, from Fireplace in Antechamber. 8. Capital and Base, Carved Wood, from Fireplace in Office. 9. Fireplace in Office, Carved Wood. 10. Staircase, Carved Mahogany. 11. Detail from Fireplace in Office, Carved Wood.



THE WHITE ROOK.

A STORY OF ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

BY HENRY SEDLEY.

I.

YOU have heard of a Black Swan, but not, perhaps, of a White Rook. Of this, however, we will speak by-and-by.

We must talk, to begin with, of a young man and a young woman. She was comely, of course—all heroines are. A typical New York girl—tall, slender, dark, with a ravishing figure, white teeth, flashing eyes, and a captivating smile. The smile was there much of the time, but not all the time; and when it was not, the lady was less enchanting. For the expression that replaced it was sometimes mutinous, and generally discontented. It is not well to be fed always on the dainties of life. Such diet brings moral dyspepsia, which is nice neither to feel nor to encounter. The young man, although not very wise, had an uneasy consciousness of this as he spoke.

"You see, Imogene," he said, "we should know where we stand. You have been living with your aunt and cousin in a comfortable house."

"Oh, it's well enough," she assented, curtly.

"But you don't know how long it may be your home, or when you may have to seek another."

"Anyhow," she said, "I suppose I shall be rich."

"Let us hope so. But you are not sure. Here you have dwelt with your uncle, Mr. Jason Willoughby, for ten years, in a house near the fashionable quarter, if not exactly in it. He seems to have had a good income—perhaps twenty-five thousand a year"—with an accent of inquiry.

"Not less," commented Imogene, with appreciation.

"And you have had silks, and diamonds, and a carriage, and summer outings, and trips to Europe, and the opera without stint."

"And mean to have them still," said the girl, with a kind of greedy firmness.

"Oh, I know how fond you are of all that sort of thing," he went on, critically; "and it helps to justify my prudence, doesn't it?"

"Prudence!" she repeated, with a touch of scorn. "And as to being fond of things, you are too, Jack, aren't you? Your club, your cigar, your card parties, your races. Everybody likes something or another better than other things. Let people enjoy what they like, I say. But everybody, except uncle—and even he sometimes—has always wanted to cut off my pleasure, to thwart my every wish."

The look now was not alone mutinous and discontented, but almost menacing, and the young man, if not wise, felt a certain thrill of foreboding apprehension.

Jack Harding was a New York young man of a not unusual sort. He habitually wore a flower, and was generally smoking a cigarette. He was of good height, with regular features, an aquiline nose, of affable ways, was always too carefully dressed, and seldom if ever said anything you did not expect him to say. Be it made known at once that he thought Imogene Gray was an heiress. He sought her for that reason, although he was chary to acknowledge it even to himself. She, for her part, thought he was in love with her person. Attention from men was very sweet to her. Her love of amusement was truly a ravening passion; but of the various modes of it, that of attracting men's admiration was most delightful to her; all pleasure was joy, but this was heaven.

To keep Harding's admiration on edge, she pretended to be fond of him. She also spoke disparagingly to him of other men, a device she had often found salutary in furthering her plans. Further, she thought him better off than he was. Each, in a word, in some sense deluded the other. She was the cleverer of the two, but the deception was mutual. He prevaricated on occasion, while she boldly lied.

To be believed, said a wise cynic, one needs to be not truthful, but credible. This charming young woman was neither; but then, her admirer was not very wise.

"The upshot is," said Jack, plucking up spirit, "New York is the worst place on earth to live in without money. You remember how Mr. Willoughby used to quote John Randolph, or somebody, who said of England that it was paradise for the rich, purgatory for the middle classes, and hell for the poor."

"And we want to stay always among the rich."

"Exactly; but we can't, mind you, without money."

"Well," went on Imogene, with some impatience—the talk had too long wandered from the discussion of herself—"I agree to that. And what then?"

"Your uncle directed that you should live here for a year from his death—that is, until St. Valentine's day, 1886. Your aunt, Mrs. Willoughby, and your cousin Bessie were to come from Brooklyn and live here too. After nine months Mr. Willoughby's executors were to read a paper to you; and after twelve the disposition of his property was to be made known to all concerned."

"Yes," said the young lady; "and the nine months expire to-day."

"But what seems strange," pursued Harding—"what has always seemed strange—is that you don't appear to know, in short, what he has done with the money."

"How can I," she exclaimed, with petulance, "without seeing the will? But I have lived with him ten years, as you say. No one is nearer to him in blood. I was always his favorite; the others never came near him—or, at least, very seldom."

"All true," said the young man, more confidently. "Who should have it but you? But it's odd he never gave you even an inkling. Now—"

"See here," cried Imogene, imperiously—"see here, Jack; you think too much of the money, and too little of me. Do you mean to say—"

"Do you think I care more for money than you do?" he retorted. "Why, I never saw a girl so wrapped up—"

"That 'll do," she cried, with anger. "There are others who would put me first, and the money after; but—"

"It's for both our sakes, isn't it?" he made answer. "We both want what we've been used to, don't we? Of course you have other lovers. Any fool knows that. But—"

"Silence!" she fumed, and flashing fire. "Not another word! And you may go; the sooner the better."

Perhaps it was well that just here another visitor was announced in Mr. Richard Barton.

II.

There are Iagos in every-day life. Few, to be sure, as able as that brilliant Venetian, but many as devilish. They will lie away faith, hope, and charity, divide friends, poison love, break hearts—all without scruple. Barton was this kind of personage; and to his other estimable qualities he added this—that he never forgave forgiveness.

Herein was the secret of his relations with Jason Willoughby. That silent, secretive man, whose life was largely brooded away, had detected Barton years before in an act the disclosure of which would have been his destruction. Now the crime was one against Willoughby himself. Duty to others did not forbid the hiding of it. In fact, during life his lips remained sealed.

To Barton to be thus at another's mercy was poison. For years he lived in constant fear. The calm speechless contempt of the other filled him with loathing. Had his cour-

age equalled his hate, Willoughby would not have died in his bed; or, happy man, as was the fact, in his chair. But Barton, if he did not stab with a knife, stabbed with his tongue.

Active, popular, a fluent talker, a member of several clubs, and in the swim of society, he was potent for ill. Willoughby, again, was almost a recluse. He saw few, save four or five old friends, with whom he played chess and talked of books, and who were nearly as solitary as he. Barton, to forestall the bitter day—the day of denunciation that might come at any time—set himself to the congenial task of slowly destroying the credit of the sole possible accusing witness. He hinted, always under his breath, at all manner of dark misdeeds. The explanation of Willoughby's hermit-like life was to be found, he gave out, in acts that unfitted him for human society. Of the totally unknown, almost anything may be said with little fear of contradiction, and Barton managed with an art so consummate that he everywhere passed as a friend of Willoughby's even while he thus maligned him.

Now Willoughby knew all about it. Why, with this knowledge, he tolerated Barton's presence looks more mysterious than it really was. It was, for one thing, a whim of this strange old man to act differently in any given situation from what might be expected. Then he thought, perhaps, that Barton was less dangerous under his eye than he would be elsewhere. Finally, there ranged through and took shape in his gloomy speculative mind certain notions of retributive justice that were destined to assume a practical form in the future.

Perhaps it was well, we repeat, for our amiable and single-hearted lovers that their talk was broken by this fresh arrival. Mr. Richard Barton had visited at the house as long as Imogene Gray had lived there, and before. A well-preserved man of forty-eight or thereabout, shorter and stouter than Harding, with more repose of manner, better-chosen speech, and bearing some stamp of travel and experience. He was less precisely or finically dressed, too, and so more like a gentleman. He looked you full in the face when he spoke—an achievement that cost an effort, but he had learned its worth and paid its price. Curiously enough, he, too, wanted to marry Imogene, but it did not suit his book that anybody whatever should yet know or even suspect it.

If you want anything—this was one of Willoughby's cynicisms, and was cheerfully adopted by Mr. Barton—let nobody know of it, and especially if what you want is a woman. Perhaps the saying might descreetly be extended so as to read, "and most especially hide the wish from the woman herself." This truly would have had force as applied to Imogene Gray, but it would have had none as applied to Bessie Willoughby. But of her, more hereafter.

As Barton came in, Harding went out, and the smell of his cigarette was immediately made manifest from the hall.

"Billing and cooing as usual," rallied Barton, with his suave smile.

"An odd name to give it," replied the girl, whose heightened color betrayed her emotion. "Mr. Harding is like most men. He wants to enjoy himself, and—"

"To discourage enjoyment in others? Alas, dear young lady, selfishness is confined neither to sex nor age!"

"Jack is over-anxious about the fortune—Mr. Willoughby's money."

"Well, Miss Imogene, that, too, is a common failing. We live in an expensive era—a time when the poor are apt to grow poorer, and the rich richer."

Imogene sighed.

"And the pleasures of wealth are really so many and so tempting," continued Barton, "and"—watching her keenly—"if you once get down in the world—"

"Mr. Barton," exclaimed Imogene, eagerly, "what do you think—about this—this will? Is there any doubt about—about—"

"About your being the heiress? Well, candidly, dear Miss Imogene, we cannot be positive. Here are your aunt and your cousin in the house on the same terms with yourself. True, they never lived here while Mr. Willoughby did; but what then? He specially directed that they should come after his death. What for?"

"You think, then, that my uncle, after all these years, would be so—so cruel as to deprive me—"

"Why, you see, he made his money himself. There was none in the family. The favors have all been bestowed, not received, by him."

"You think, then, Mr. Barton, that Jack's fears are well founded—that I shall be a beggar?"

"Nay, I don't say that. I merely say it is uncertain. Willoughby was a very peculiar man. He may have left the bulk of his fortune to charities. Who knows? No one, unless it be the executors; and Waite and Saltum always keep their own counsel."

"His lawyers?"

"And Mote and Beam are as close-mouthed as the grave."

There was a silence. Imogene's breast rose and fell; her face changed, and she burst into tears.

"My dear young lady," cried Barton, "don't! pray, don't! After all, it is, as we say, uncertain. But he—Harding—should not have worried you."

"He thinks," sobbed Imogene, in a fury of self-pity, "that money is everything, and—and—"

Richard took her hand and pressed it tenderly. "I can't bear to see you weep. Keep a good heart. In any case, all may be—ahem—all *shall* be well with you."

She looked up suddenly, and met a glance of passionate admiration. It was very well done, indeed, and so not overdone. Imogene felt the delicious thrill that always possessed her at moments which assured her of masculine subjugation.

"Anyhow," she murmured, smiling through her tears, "it is not long to wait. This is the day; we shall hear something."

"Yes," cried Richard. "And by St. Valentine's day—in three months—we shall know everything."

They did hear something, as the young lady said. At half past two, the time hour arranged, Messrs. Waite and Saltum came. With these gentlemen, Jason Willoughby's executors, came his lawyers, Messrs. Mote and Beam. They went straight to the point, and what they said fell on Imogene's heart like a lump of ice. Twenty-five thousand dollars, they affirmed, had come into their hands of Mr. Willoughby's money. About one-half of this sum had been laid out for household and other expenses. This much they were instructed to say. But of the rest of the dead man's supposed large fortune, none of the four knew any more than a babe unborn.

III.

To scan the future with profit, we must first look into the past. Certain commentaries on this text were bestowed one fine morning by Jason Willoughby upon a young electrical engineer, Thomas Dale.

It was not altogether chance that brought Dale to the other's notice. Willoughby was interested in a telephone company. He wanted some explanations, and the officers sent Dale to make them. Then Willoughby found that Dale, besides being a skilled electrician, was a fairish chess-player. But he had known before that Dale was an admirer of his niece Bessie Willoughby.

The two were playing chess on this occasion in Willoughby's grim old-fashioned library, and their talk ran thus:

"Check!"

"Um—I see—but—"

"You should have foreseen."

"But against so strong a player—"

"The greater reason. You should do better. You have the mathematical faculty. You have also imagination. This is the essential combination."

"Yet you give me a rook, and win with ease."

"There were those who once gave a rook to Paul Morphy. It was not for long, truly. But even genius must creep before it walks."

The speakers were a man of seventy and a man of thirty. Sunset and sunrise. Each was studying the other. In this game, as in the other, the older man was at great advantage. He had lived, he had suffered, he had feminine intuitions, and he foresaw things.

Early in life he had gone to California—for the golden fleece, as he laughingly said. He had brought back a great deal of money. Then he went into Wall Street, and, for a wonder, brought a great deal more out of that. No one knew how much in either case. There was one, however, who shrewdly suspected—Richard Barton, of whom we have seen something and shall see more.

Mr. Barton, devoured by envy and curiosity as to this precious money, watched its owner like a lynx. Among other things contributing to his ends, he made some study of the science of catoptrics. He discovered that by the arrangement of mirrors in the library and the room adjoining, he could see, when the connecting door was open, Willoughby's chess table. A white rook, the piece the old man usually gave as odds, was thus not in regular use.

One day Barton thus saw Willoughby, who was alone, take this piece from a drawer. There was nothing strange in that. He might need it to set up a position. What was strange, however, was the fact that Willoughby began apparently to dissect the chessman, or take it to pieces. The set was of the largest club size, and "loaded"—there was lead, that is to say, run into a cavity in the base.

Mr. Barton was profoundly interested when he saw Willoughby detach the cloth that covered the bottom of the rook, and then, with some instrument, extract the lead; but the spy's emotion became almost uncontrollable when he beheld the other place a compressed paper in the cavity, and restoring the lead, glue the cloth back in its original place. We may be sure that Mr. Barton seized the first chance when alone in the library to have a look at the White Rook. But it was gone. The drawer where it usually lay was empty. It was seen no more. But Barton, very naturally, from that time forward connected the White Rook with the disposition of Jason Willoughby's fortune.

Willoughby was a handsome man, with beautiful dark eyes, snow-white hair, heavy black eyebrows, and a complexion like old ivory. He was, moreover, tall and erect, although he moved slowly, and, to add to his other secrets, had an incurable disease. Dale was of middle height, sturdy, deep-voiced, with curling chestnut hair, and frank blue eyes.

"You speak of great masters," he said, "professionals. Of course no amateurs could ever compare with them."

"Oh yes, often. Buckle made even games with Staunton, when the English champion was at his best—the time of his match with St. Amant; Cochrane often defeated the most formidable of the professionals; Cunningham the historian was very strong; and Morphy himself can hardly be classed with the professionals. He was bred a lawyer, and was drawn into chess by his astonishing skill, which early won him a towering reputation."

"I have, however, heard," observed Dale, "that he gave to study of chess a vast deal of time in his boyhood and youth."

"True," returned Willoughby; "and you touch there a grave danger about the game. It is called 'royal,' but there is no royal road to success in it. Excellence at chess is apt to cost too much. It consumes time which, in most cases, had better be given to other things. In my case, it matters little. I am old, and have nothing to gain or look for. Books and chess have become almost my sole mental resources. With you, it is different. In a word, I should be sorry to have you give the time to the game that you would have to give to overcome the odds at which you and I now play."

"Does Mr. Harding play?" asked Dale as he rearranged the men.

"I think not," answered the other. "He is a fashionable young New-Yorker. He would probably say—indeed I have heard him say—that it was too much like work."

"He doesn't look," said Dale, without malice, "as if he cared much for work."

"But," pursued Willoughby, "don't you think him a very elegant person?"

Dale hesitated. His native candor must shape his talk even about trifles. "He is always very well dressed," he said, tentatively.

"Not *well* dressed," corrected his companion. "There is a current mistake about that. Over-precision in dress, like over-precision in speech, is not a sign of breeding or culture, but of the lack of it."

All this was in Willoughby an uncommon communicativeness. In general he was studiously reticent. He listened much, spoke little. To try to draw him out was to court defeat; the result was sure to be the other way. But with Dale it was different. Dale had a message for him, whether he knew it or not. He wanted to know all about Dale himself. He wanted more to know about Bessie Willoughby.

Willoughby had lived and suffered. Like most of us, he had succeeded when success was of little worth to him, and failed when it was of great. The death of his wife—a handsome wayward woman, who had a supreme faculty of destroying the comfort and peace of mind of those nearest to her—left him literally alone. The orphan child of a sister and the daughter of a dead brother were his sole living relations. The former he took into his house; of the latter, because of an alienation that had its source years before, he took little notice. At the time we write of she was a humble teacher in a Brooklyn public school.

Solitary and unsocial, he had tried to build up in Imogene an interest, a companionship, a comfort for the future. He had tried to win her heart, but only to discover that there was none to win. Thus—partly from indolence, partly from habit—their lives flowed till the last without change. She cherished indefinable dreads, but knew no certainties. He went on with his chess and his books.

Apart from these, one project of a beneficent sort he often deeply meditated upon. It was the construction of a kind of splendid apartment-house—large, and replete with all that the latest science could provide for it—where educated persons of all professions might, in the order of their selection by appropriate trustees, enjoy refined homes at a very low rent. He would have the control of it—or his estate should have it after him—but it was to be stipulated that the property should pay no more than three per cent. upon its cost. Such was the scheme which, when he found suitable instruments, he meant to carry out.

When stricken at last, Jason Willoughby knew, if none others did, what was coming. He was seated alone in the library, in his leathern chair, studying a chess problem. Suddenly he grew ashy pale; then he gave a gasp or two, cried "Checkmate!" faintly, and—with a smile on his lips—died.

IV.

Bessie Willoughby was what young women of a certain stamp call "too sweet for anything." She was not made of putty. Far from it. But her first thought was to try to make those about her happy, and this was so obvious and so unaffected as to be a constant sunshine, a perpetual charm.

She was, as we have said, a humble teacher in a public school. But her work, exacting as it was, did not end there. Mrs. Willoughby was not strong, and the work of their little flat of three rooms, in default of a servant, fell chiefly on her daughter. She did this, and, in truth, all that fell to her lot, with uniform cheerfulness. You see, she was one who, asking herself always if this or that was right, took pleasure in doing it because it was right. Habit is strong, even in such things. He or she who puts duty after inclination easily gets confirmed in the evil way, which may slip, with fatal facility, into the broad road that leads to destruction.

Like Rosalind, this young person was just as high as her lover's heart. She had chestnut hair, the color of Tom Dale's; so here, at least, love's delight in joining contrasts had no part. But her eyes were hazel against his blue ones. She had a Cupid's bow of a mouth, but it was not too small. A voice full of melody showed a good ear, and she played and sang with strength and feeling.

"You see, Tom," she said, "I might give lessons, but I'd rather be a public servant than a private one."

Dale, who adored her, wanted his idol to be a servant to neither; but his plans in that wise he kept, for the nonce, to himself. This evening he did not ask her to play or sing, which was unusual; but he wanted to talk of one he had been with that day—Mr. Jason Willoughby. So while Mrs. Willoughby—mild, low-voiced, Quakerish in dress, and her daughter's own mother for gentle judgments and kindly actions—knitted, and Bessie checked off exercises, Dale told something of his visit, and more of what it suggested.

"The more I see of your uncle," he said, "the more I think he has been wickedly slandered."

"You have heard more of that?" asked the widow, sorrowfully.

"More? Why, it is in the air. It is everywhere. In Wall Street, in public resorts, even in street cars, one hears the same stories."

"People must be very wicked," said Bessie, "to repeat them."

"The trouble is," continued Dale, "you can't trace them. Each one you ask has heard it from somebody else. Now one thing, now another. He came by his money dishonestly. He has ill-used women. He has been unfaithful to his friends. He has outraged the nearest and dearest ties. This is what is said. Try and fix the saying definitely on any one person, and you fail."

"We have seen very little of my uncle," observed Bessie, thoughtfully. "But he has been very good to us."

A year before, it had come to Willoughby's ears that Mrs. Willoughby had been ill, and that the mother and daughter were having a hard struggle. After that a check came to them monthly from Messrs. Mote and Beam. It was for but $50 in each case. But these grateful women did not think of contrasting it with the thousands that by common report were lavished on Imogene Gray.

Thomas Dale did not answer this, but presently resumed the current of his own thoughts. "It must be," he declared, "that some one full of hate and persistent ingenuity has tried for years to lie away your uncle's good name."

"Do you suppose," inquired the widow, "that he knows of it?"

"I cannot think so. It seems incredible that a man should be so vilely maligned and take no step in self-defence. But my point is the utter antagonism between the personality of the man—when you get at it, which isn't easy—and the charges against him."

"You believe, then," said Bessie," that my uncle is not bad, but good?"

"Implicitly. A man who talks as he does, having no conceivable motive for deluding a person so obscure and unimportant as myself, cannot be what he has been said to be. If he knows of it, he may be blameworthy; for a man cannot be justified in putting himself on a pinnacle and looking down always with speechless contempt upon the judgments of his fellow-men. I mean he owes it to his kindred, to the name he leaves to them, to set things right."

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Willoughby, slowly, "he yet means to do so."

"Perhaps," returned Dale. "Now," he went on, "I don't depend on talk alone or on my own fallible discernment. You both know what a fine chess-player Mr. Willoughby is. Now I go among the chess clubs occasionally, and it was at the Manhattan that I heard this anecdote. Your uncle was crossing Madison Square one bitterly cold winter evening when he was suddenly confronted by a man who had seen better days, and was long a chess-player of celebrity. 'Willoughby,' he cried, 'I am freezing, starving; lend me five dollars, and I promise you, upon my word of honor, that I will never repay you.' The touch of humor was thoroughly characteristic of the poor fellow, and so, instantly recognizable by those who had known him and heard of it. Your uncle's response was instant. He took off the cloak he wore, thrust it upon the suppliant, put a ten-dollar bill in his hand, and strode away in the darkness. This was told to me by that suppliant himself in one of the intervals of sobriety, which, to the grief of his friends—for he had many estimable qualities—were long so infrequent."

"Your moral," supplied Bessie, "is that a man who does this kind of good thing is not the man to do the other kind of bad things."

"Precisely. What he did in this case, not meaning it to be known, it is fair to think he has done in others; and each of these would furnish an additional exculpatory witness."

It was clear that Dale's mind was biassed in favor of the accused man, who, after all, died soon after the conversation—died, as he had lived, without opening his lips.

But on this point Dale kept back some of the reasons for such a bias. His integrity was as limpid and unbending as that of his sweetheart, and so, although Willoughby had not imposed a pledge of secrecy concerning some things he had said to Dale, he had

distinctly implied that he spoke in confidence. The young man respected this confidence both while Willoughby lived and after his death, but he could not forget what had been impressed upon his mind.

The old man, to be plain, had put to him numberless questions about Bessie and her mother, their pursuits, circumstances, and characters. He had gone afterward to their home on several occasions, once when Dale himself was there. But neither man made allusion to the talk about the Willoughbys that had passed between them. And when Willoughby went to his grave, that talk, for aught that seemed to have flown from it, might just as well have never been held.

V.

After that dismal 14th of November there was weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth. Imogene cried openly, Mr. Barton raged secretly, and the Willoughbys, mother and daughter, expecting little or nothing, alone in the house were serene. For them, Imogene, who had about as much altruism as a Bengal tiger, professed deep sympathy and sorrow. Mr. Jack Harding's visits to the Willoughby mansion became, the while, less and less frequent. It was not convenient for him to marry without money.

But Richard Barton meant to marry with the money. That it existed, he was sure. But where? His keen wits were soon bustling incessantly to get at the clew. One day, early in December, he spoke to Imogene about the will.

"Might not a copy be in the house?" he asked.

She spoke, as with surprise, "Surely the lawyers would have that."

In point of fact, she had rummaged the house from cellar to garret in search of it. Nay, more, she had opened boxes, bureaus, and bookcases that had been carefully locked by the executors. Still further, Jason Willoughby's private desk, where he kept papers and other sacred articles, she had carefully ransacked. Years before, she had contrived to get a pair of keys which opened the top of this desk and the drawers below. After a time, Barton, continuing his show of gentle sympathy, and dwelling with emphasis on the chance that the desk might hold the secret, Miss Gray ventured to impart to him that she had by accident found two keys that might be duplicates, and so might open the desk. The sequel is easily foreseen. The wily Richard got possession of the keys.

He knew perfectly well that his fair charmer had already searched the desk; but he also knew that women, however artful, are not invariably up to everything. His assumption was that her search had been superficial, and he knew Jason Willoughby well enough to be sure that any obvious thing he was unlikely to do. Thus it was that Barton went straight to his quarry.

That afternoon Imogene had a caller, a particular friend, Mrs. Van Whey Curdle. This gentlewoman had written a volume full of insipidities mixed with outrageous eroticism, and so was by way of being reckoned a great author. She was a pronounced blonde, and hence liked to drive or sit at the opera with Imogene, whose dark beauty set her off in effective contrast.

Richard, having the keys, seized this chance to use them alone. With the prescience of genius, he went straight to the bottom drawer, pulled it entirely out, and found, in the space below, the "Last Will and Testament of Jason Willoughby"—executed three years before—and the White Rook.

When Imogene and Richard met again, he shook his head sadly, and gave back her keys. She too well understood his eloquent silence. His search, like her own, had ended in nothing. She had expected it, and yet there had been a grain of hope. This gone, she wept again, and again Richard consoled her.

"All is not lost yet," he urged. "No news is good news; and have I not said that, in any case, you might be provided for?"

She gazed at him inquiringly, her beautiful eyes swimming in tears. You know what Byron sings of such a situation. Barton took her hand. He did more. He kissed it with a kind of gloating. The lovely eyes questioned him still. But he was too prudent to go further just then. The young woman was not without sagacity, and might suspect, so he made what Willoughby would have called "a waiting move."

"Mr. Jack Harding," he remarked, "comes seldom now."

"The rats," she answered, venomously, "forsake a falling house. That odious cigarette at least is spared us."

"How a man favored like Harding," said Richard, with gallant commonplace, "can eschew the society of one so charming, passes comprehension. But so many disprize what they possess, and yearn—who is it that says it?—for the unattainable."

"Possess!" retorted the beauty, with scorn. "You do not suppose—"

"Why, it has been announced, has it not, that you and Mr. Harding are engaged? Mr. Willoughby himself thus understood. He told me so."

"Circumstances alter cases," said Imogene, tritely. "I have not supposed myself to be irrevocably fated, nor, you may now easily guess, does he."

"I am very glad."

"Glad?"

"He is not worthy of you. Well enough, maybe, as young men go, but shallow and self-indulgent. A woman like you wants a man to think not of indulging himself, but of indulging her."

There was irony in this, but he did not fear. Intense selfishness blinds people even in cases more flagrant than this. So, with more flattery, and the reception, by way of reward, of more intoxicating glances, Richard took his leave. But he very soon came again. He was not alarmed about the falling house, and hence was not one of the rats to forsake it.

Jack Harding's visits, however, grew rarer and rarer, and finally his tight gloves, his little cane, his baggy white overcoat, and his too shiny hat were seen and his cigarette was smelt in the Willoughby house no more. But Imogene had consolation, for as one lover grew colder, the other grew warmer.

Imogene had met her match—and worse. She was crafty enough to flatter, but not crafty enough to know when she was being flattered. Her talent in the way of bewitching and misleading had been freely used with Jason Willoughby, and, as she hoped, with good effect. But that self-restrained and keen-sighted old man was never misled. To him her wiles were as transparent as were those of Richard Barton; and if he denied himself in both cases the comfort of saying so, his acts were the legitimate and characteristic fruit of his knowledge.

Imogene, on her lower plane, went her way in total ignorance that her uncle not only saw through and through her, in a general sense, but was aware of her proceedings in detail—such as spying into his papers and intriguing busily to find out the state of his affairs. Being entirely the slave of her self-love, she failed to see how readily a person sufficiently able and unscrupulous could govern her through it; and this is what happened in the case of Richard Barton.

None knew better than he that young women are prone to value highly the attentions of clever men much older than themselves. Such attentions are grateful to their vanity; since, they argue, if men who have seen so much and are so discerning are moved by their charms, the latter must be alluring indeed. Richard did not flinch from dwelling on this very point.

"I am much too old for you, dear girl," he confessed; "but I know how to appreciate you—not your physical loveliness only, incomparable as that is, but the beauty of your mind and character."

Again the intoxicating glances, and Richard—he had got to that at last—kissed her rapturously.

"Of course I cannot pretend to be rich in the sense Willoughby was," he explained; "but there is enough. You can have your carriage—a modest brougham, truly, but stylish—your seats at the opera—"

"And Delmonico's when I like?"

"And Delmonico's at your will. And, come now, at least one Worth gown each season."

"All this," she proceeded, for her part, "is supposing that Uncle Jason has alienated his property."

"If he had any to alienate," put in Richard, quickly. "You remember the lawyers and executors only know of a small sum."

"But if more turns up?" she persisted.

"If more turns up," quoth Richard, "and you get any of it, why, so much the better."

This ingenious gentleman was in a fair way with fortune. He saw before him a glorious triumph, a sublime revenge. He would possess not only the heiress, but the wealth of the man he hated—hated with a passionate hatred, because of the everlasting humiliation of his forgiveness.

On the first day of February Miss Imogene Gray became Mrs. Richard Barton.

VI.

St. Valentine's day, 1886, came at last. The weighty question that meant so much to the actors of our drama was now to be decided. While the birds were pairing—if they are ever so imprudent as to do so thus early in our wintery latitude—while the shop windows were hideous with caricatures, while Jack Harding smoked innumerable cigarettes and sported his bulging white overcoat, little cane, and too shiny hat on the Avenue, the dwellers in what was once Jason Willoughby's home gathered to hear his last will and testament.

Messrs. Waite and Saltum scuffled in, mumbling, at half past one. The library was prepared for the coming function. In the middle was a long table, with eight chairs. At the end of the room was a chess table covered with black cloth. Next it was Mr. Willoughby's leathern chair. On one side was his favorite desk, or secretary. Over the mantle was his portrait—a striking likeness, painted by Huntington. Opposite this was a companion portrait of his late wife. The room was sombre, and the spirit of its former owner might, with no great effort of fancy, have been supposed to be brooding about it.

At ten minutes to two Messrs. Mote and Beam rattled up in a cab; and the executors, the attorneys, and the relatives and connection of the dead man ranged themselves at the long table. Mr. Waite sat at the head, and Mr. Saltum at the foot. On Mr. Waite's right sat Mr. Mote; on Mr. Saltum's right, Mr. Beam; and on either side, thus filling the eight seats, sat Mr. and Mrs. Richard Barton, Mrs. Willoughby and her daughter Bessie. At the chess table, in a chair facing Willoughby's, was Thomas Dale. He, as well as Barton, had been asked by the executors to be present, and their respective seats had been thus assigned to them.

At precisely two o'clock Mr. Mote, signalled by Mr. Waite, drew from a bag a small oblong packet. This he slowly unfastened, and produced a box. This he as deliberately opened, and then spoke:

"It is my duty," he said, solemnly, "such being the instructions of the late Mr. Jason Willoughby—which, however, only yesterday came to the knowledge of his executors and attorneys—to show and to read to all here the contents of this box before reading Mr. Willoughby's will."

So saying, he extracted from the box, and calmly put upon the table before him, the *White Rook!*

Richard Barton started with amazement. "They have found it," he thought, "and with it, naturally, the will. How surprising! At the very last moment, too! Well, what matter? The will leaves all, or nearly all, to Imogene, and—"

"In this chessman, this castle, or rook," pursued Mr. Mote, "we have found a paper."

"Confirmatory, of course," thought Richard.

He had read the will, which being entirely to his liking, he had thought it prudent not to tamper with the Rook.

"Which paper," continued Mr. Mote, "explains how it happened that we knew nothing previously to its reception of the whereabouts of Mr. Willoughby's assets, except what was described at our meeting here three months ago."

Richard and Imogene trembled with eagerness.

"The paper contains only these words: 'Box 304, Gallatin Safe Deposit Company. Seek there my will and securities. Key, Caïssa. Jason Willoughby.'"

A stir and sigh of expectation came from those present who did not already know of what was to come.

"One word," gasped Barton, unable to contain himself. "May I ask how this paper—this white rook—came into your possession?"

Mr. Mote looked at Mr. Waite. "It seems rather premature," said that gentleman; "but still there is no harm in answering that question. It was brought to the executors by Mr. Thomas Dale yonder, who received it at the hand of Mr. Jason Willoughby, with instructions so to deliver it on the day before a year should elapse from the date of Mr. Willoughby's death."

Richard could hardly believe his ears. "Why, how *could* Dale have got access to the desk?" he pondered. "And yet, no. It is declared he got it from Willoughby. Then he must have had it over a year. But how, then, could I have seen it?"

Imogene noticed her husband's agitation, and marvelled. "Why should he care so much?" she mused. "He knows nothing either. But if the worst is to come, how often he has told me to be prepared for it, that it did not matter!"

"We therefore," proceeded Mr. Mote, "the executors and lawyers, immediately took the proper action to obtain the documents thus described."

With that he again had recourse to his bag, and this time he drew forth the will.

We need not recite in full that momentous instrument. It is requisite only to describe its significant details. There were some bequests to old servants and to charities. There was an annuity of one thousand dollars a year to Imogene Gray. There was a like annuity for Mrs. Willoughby. There was provision for debts, executors, lawyers. But the bulk of his estate—the securities at the safe-deposit vault footed up over a million of dollars—was left to Willoughby's niece Elizabeth, otherwise known as "Bessie" Willoughby.

Richard Barton almost foamed with rage. "You say you got this at the Gallatin Safe Deposit Company. And its date—"

"I drew the will," said Mr. Beam, complacently. "It was executed on November 25, 1884."

Barton shuddered. He began to understand. The other will bore date three years earlier. Clearly the latter was revoked. But might not the other be a false will—a forgery? He knew something of such things. Were all his adroit plans to be frustrated thus? No, no—a thousand times no!

"Look you," he cried; "there is some confusion here. You talk of rooks—white rooks. Suppose, now, there is another—just suppose, now—contradicting the testimony of this one?"

"Mr. Barton," retorted Mr. Waite, looking at him fixedly, "your Rook is the Queen's Rook; *this Rook is the King's!*"

Richard rushed to the drawer that contained the chessmen. With shaking hands he flung it open and counted the pieces. It was too true, too horribly true! Both rooks were gone! The old man, with fiendish irony, had deliberately planned, almost in his last days, to cheat and overwhelm him. But he would not give up. He would fight for time.

"It was easy to take away the rook," he exclaimed; "the motive is plain. Mrs. Barton—Imogene Gray—was notoriously his favorite niece. The other, Miss Willoughby, was almost a stranger. Who will believe in this eleventh-hour testament that nobody—executors, lawyers, nobody—ever heard of before, and for whose manufacture there was so tremendous an incentive?"

"There is no doubt," said Mr. Beam, gently—"there can be no doubt, Mr. Richard Barton, of the validity of the will."

"Oh, *you* say so, of course," snarled Richard, "but *I* say—in the interest of Mrs. Barton, which I am bound to protect—*I* say there is a trick, a conspiracy here."

"And I advise you, Mr. Barton," said Mr. Waite, with much firmness, "not to say so. First, because it is not true; next, because it is dangerous to yourself."

"Oh, if you mean to threaten," cried the other, beginning to bully, "I can threaten too. Take notice, you and you—all of you—I denounce this whole business as fraudulent. Take notice, I shall dispute the will."

Mr. Waite looked at Mr. Mote, and Mr. Mote looked at Mr. Waite. Then the latter bowed, and the former thereupon brought forth some further papers from his bag.

"These papers," he explained, "we are instructed to use only in a certain contingency. They will interest you, Mr. Barton. There are here, in particular, three acceptances. Each bears the name of Jason Willoughby, but in neither case did he place it there. *Do you know who did*, Mr. Richard Barton?"

The will of Jason Willoughby, unlike some others we have heard much of, was never contested.

The plans of the "Professional" Apartment House which the dead man contemplated have been carefully drawn, the land bought, and the structure will be erected in Brooklyn in 1892–3.

Mrs. Richard Barton secured her divorce two years ago in Dakota.

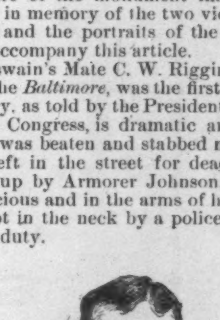
THE TWO MEN OF THE "BALTIMORE."

THE details of the assault by the Chilians upon the men of the *Baltimore*, and the subsequent proceedings that interested everybody, are too fresh in the mind of the public to need recapitulation. The strained relations with the little republic, the war cloud that cast a shadow over the hearts of those who know the horrors of war, and the apology of Chili, are now matters of history. In the WEEKLY for January 9, 1892, was given

C. W. RIGGIN.

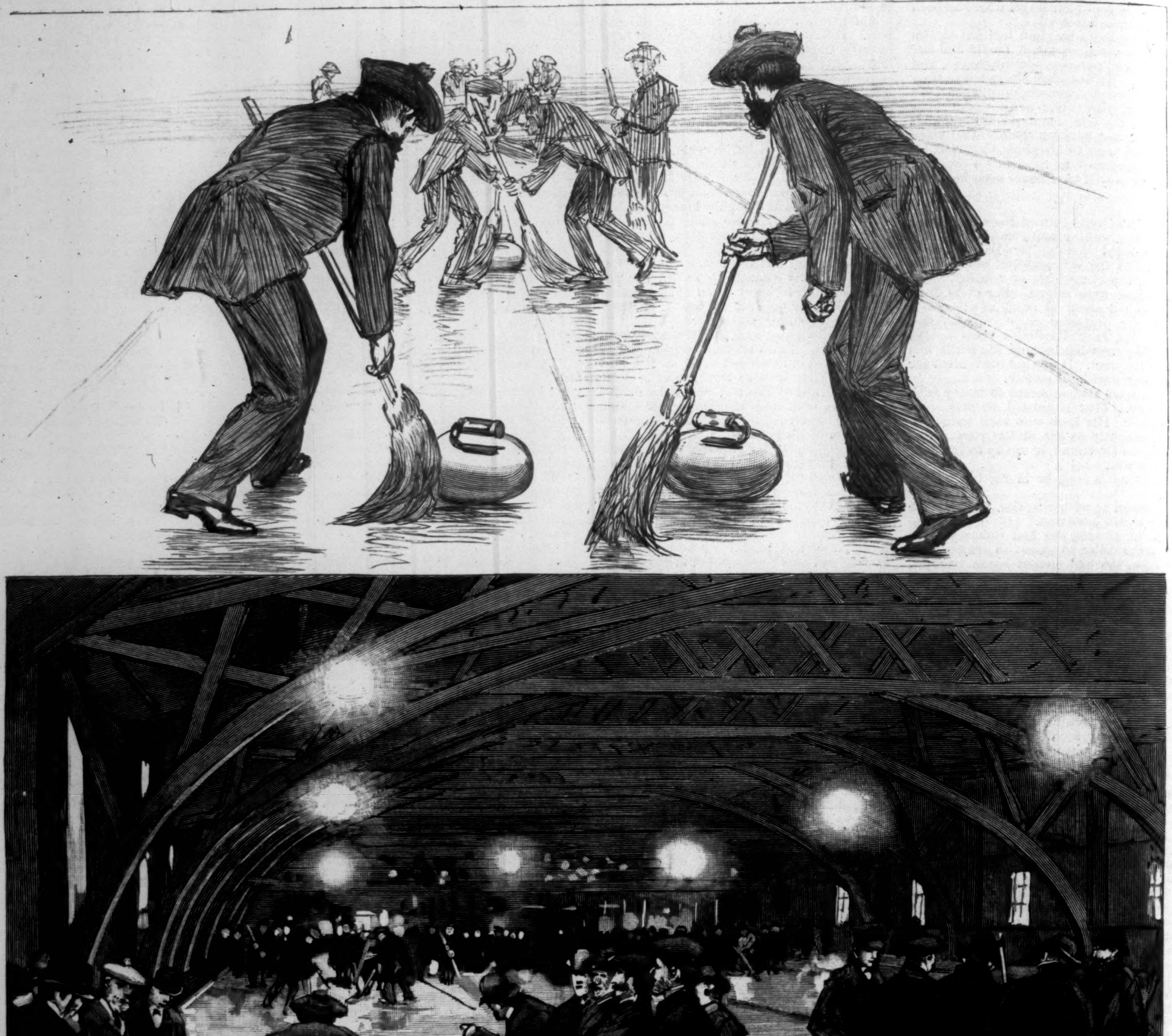
a picture of the monument that has been erected in memory of the two victims of the assault, and the portraits of the men themselves accompany this article.

Boatswain's Mate C. W. Riggin, petty officer of the *Baltimore*, was the first victim, and the story, as told by the President in his message to Congress, is dramatic and graphic. Riggin was beaten and stabbed many times, being left in the street for dead. He was picked up by Armorer Johnson, and while unconscious and in the arms of his comrade, was shot in the neck by a policeman or soldier on duty.



WILLIAM TURNBULL.

Coal-heaver William Turnbull, a young man of twenty-four years, received eighteen stab wounds, and was also beaten with clubs, from the effects of which he died shortly afterwards. These men are buried in the British cemetery at Valparaiso, and a great nation has risen in indignation to avenge their wrongs and demand reparation. The dead may not be recalled, but the world has learned that the United States means to do her duty in protecting her citizens abroad. The matter is being adjusted according to diplomacy, and force seems no longer necessary, but the remembrance of the affair will not soon fade. It has been suggested that the bodies of the men be brought home to rest beneath the flag of the country whose uniform they wore when killed.



CURLING AT ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 162.]

ANCESTRY AND EARLY YEARS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

BY CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN.

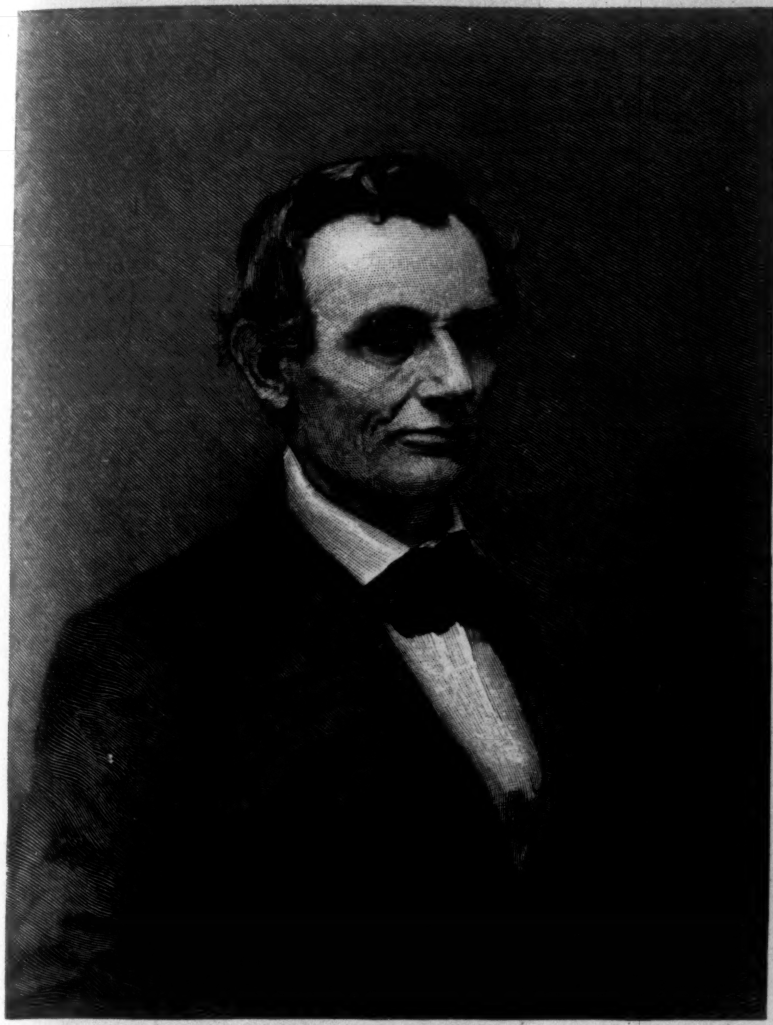
CONCERNING his ancestors, Abraham Lincoln had only heard that his grandfather emigrated from Virginia and was killed by an Indian. J. G. Holland, in 1865, had only this information concerning them: "The most that is known is that the Lincoln of Rockingham County, Virginia, came, previous to 1752, from Berks County, Pennsylvania. Where the Lincoln of Berks County came from, no record has disclosed. They are believed to have been Quakers, but whether they were an original importation from old England under the auspices of William Penn, or a pioneer offshoot from the Lincolns of New England, does not appear. There is strong presumptive evidence that the Pennsylvania and New England Lincolns were identical in their early blood."

It is only recently that the genealogical descent has been definitely ascertained. It is now known that in 1620—the year of the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, Massachusetts; the year of the beginning of a government of the people—a Mrs. Lincoln in the old town of Hingham, Norfolk County, England, was folding to her heart a babe who received the name of Samuel. We have no information in regard to the given name of the child's mother or father. That they were in humble life is made plain by their apprenticing the boy at the age of fourteen to Francis Lawes, in the old city of Norwich, to learn the art of weaving—a thriving industry of that then flourishing cathedral town, the chief seat of Puritanism.

Norwich, Hingham, Yarmouth, Ipswich, and other towns in Norfolk were strongholds of Puritanism. John Robinson, after graduating from Cambridge, preached to little congregations in private houses till hunted down by the tipstaves of the king, when he travelled northward to the little hamlets of Scrooby, Bawtry, and Austerfield, and gathered a congregation of farmers and laborers in the old manor-house occupied by William Brewster, to become exiles in Holland; to finally establish a new order of things in church and state on the shores of Cape Cod. Samuel Lincoln was a Puritan, for at the age of seventeen, Francis Lawes and his apprentice left Norwich, made their way to Yarmouth, the principal seaport of Norfolk, and sailed as passengers either on the ship *John and Dorothy* or the *Rose*, which crossed the Atlantic in company. They landed at Salem, Massachusetts. Samuel Lincoln became the father of a family, finding Puritan names for his children in the Bible—Samuel, Daniel, Mordecai, Mary, Martha, Sarah, Rebecca. The oldest son became a soldier in the war with the Pequot Indians. He married Sarah Jones. He thought the time had come when the people of Massachusetts should not be dependent on England for iron, and with the aid of his neighbors erected a furnace for smelting ores—the first in America.

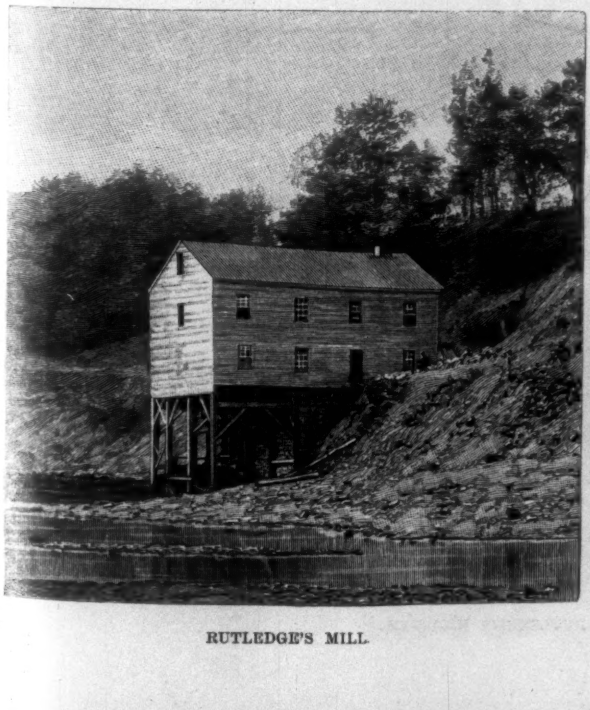
A tide of civilization had already begun westward, and the eldest son of this enterprising pioneer, also bearing the name Mordecai, with his wife and two children, moved to Freehold, New Jersey, where he became thrifty, and was styled "gentleman" in titledeeds. Later he became a citizen in Amity township, Berks County, Pennsylvania. His eldest son John crossed the Schuylkill River to Union township.

William Penn and his fellow-colonists were peopling the fertile lands of Berks and Montgomery counties. They also were Puritans, and Mordecai Lincoln found himself in congenial society. One of his near neighbors was George Boone, who had emigrated from the old cathedral city of Exeter, and who gave the same name to his new home. A very warm friendship sprang up between the two settlers, and a few years later we find Mordecai Lincoln's youngest son Abraham and Anna Boone, granddaughter of George,

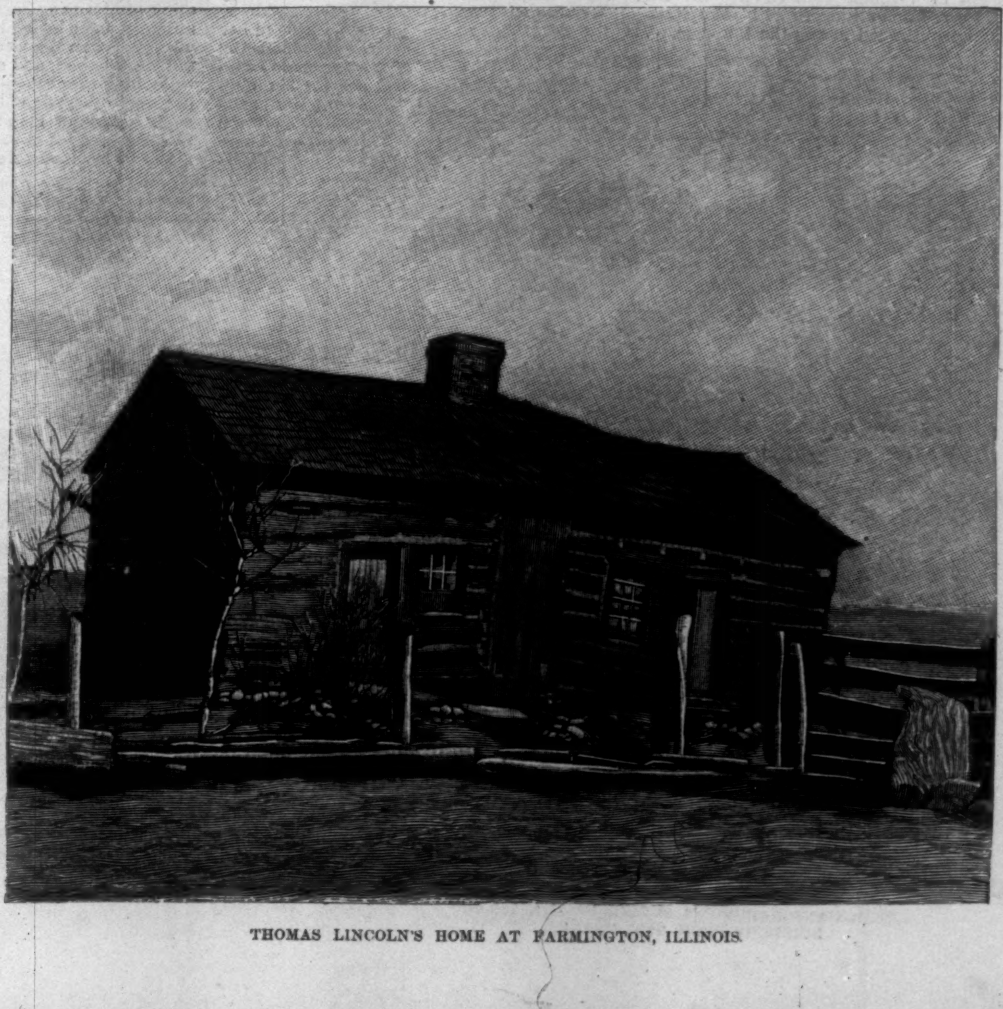


ABRAHAM LINCOLN—FROM HIS FIRST PHOTOGRAPH, TAKEN IN CHICAGO IN 1857.

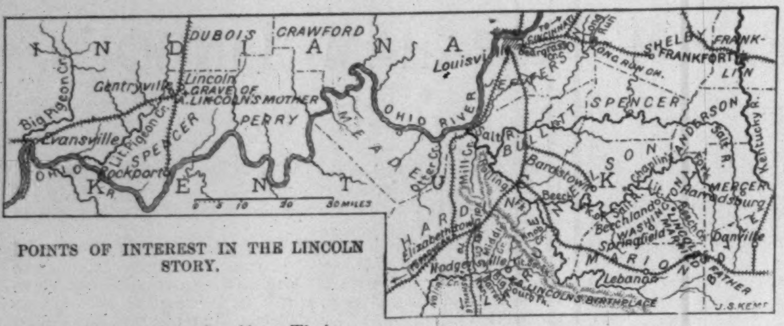
SARAH BUSH LINCOLN.



RUTLEDGE'S MILL.



THOMAS LINCOLN'S HOME AT FARMINGTON, ILLINOIS.



POINTS OF INTEREST IN THE LINCOLN STORY.

becoming husband and wife. Their grandson Daniel became the intrepid explorer and pioneer of Kentucky, and his name is inseparably connected with the history of that State.

Going back to the year 1700, we find Uriah Hanks, his wife Lurana, and their two sons, Benjamin and John, bidding farewell to their old home in Birmingham, England, and emigrating to Massachusetts, landing where the Pilgrims of 1620 landed—at Plymouth—Benjamin making his way to Connecticut and John to Pennsylvania. Eleven years pass, and John Hanke, as the name stands upon the record, citizen of Whitemarsh, is standing up before the "meeting" in the Quaker meeting-house in Gwynedd, just out from Philadelphia, and promising to be a true and loving husband to Sarah Evans. With his young wife he moves up the river to Union township, and becomes near neighbor to Mordecai and John Lincoln, George Boone and his son Squire Boone, father of Daniel.

Although the lands along the Schuylkill were fertile, those in the valley of the Shenandoah in Virginia were equally inviting, and we see John Lincoln and John Hanks moving southward across the Potomac, and selecting new homes in the vicinity of Harrisonburg, Virginia. As his Puritan fathers have done, John Lincoln finds a Biblical name for his eldest son Abraham, who arrives at manhood, leaves the Harrisonburg home, and establishes his own in North Carolina, on the bank of the Yadkin. Mary Shipley gives him her love, and becomes his brave-hearted wife.

Daniel Boone, ardent lover of nature, happiest when alone in the forest, had already built his cabin on the Yadkin. He crossed the Alleghanies, and revelled in the wilderness paradise where countless herds of buffaloes fattened on the nutritious grasses.

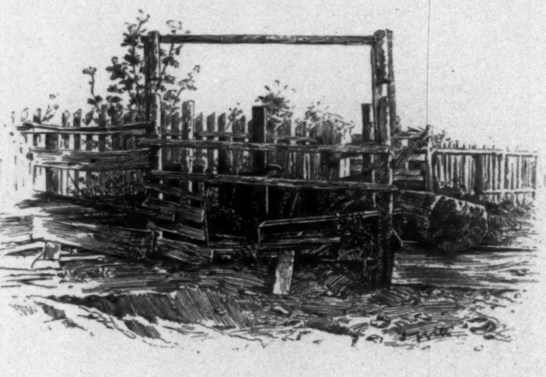
It was the period of the Revolutionary war, during which three sons came to fill the Lincoln cabin on the Yadkin with joy—Mordecai, Josiah, and Thomas. The tide of civilization sweeping westward had already carried Daniel Boone to Kentucky, and in 1786 Abraham Lincoln and his wife Mary Shipley Lincoln, with their three little boys, joined the great throng, and crossed the mountains, selecting their future home near the present site of Louisville, then known as "Bear Grass Fort." Though the war with England had closed, the Indians were still lurking in their favorite hunting-grounds. Abraham Lincoln, with his three boys, was at work in the clearing a short distance from his cabin, when the father fell dead by a shot from an Indian's rifle. The scene is one for a painter—Mordecai, eleven years old, running to the cabin with a great resolve in his heart; Josiah, fleeing as fast as his legs can carry him towards the fort; the Indian seizing Thomas, seven years old, and leading him away a captive. A white cloud suddenly puffs from the side of the cabin, the sharp crack of a rifle breaks the stillness, and the Indian falls with a bullet through his heart, fired by the heroic Mordecai. Mary Shipley Lincoln is left a widow in the Western wilderness, mother of five children, the oldest eleven, the youngest a babe in her arms. She is the sole bread-winner for her children. Her hands must do all the providing. There are no schools where her offspring can learn to read and write. Under the law of entail, Mordecai, upon arriving at manhood, inherits the little property. Josiah and Thomas in ignorance and poverty must begin life's battle. Thomas, unable to read or write, learns to push the jack-plane and use a saw and chisel in the carpenter's shop of Joseph Hanks, Elizabethtown, Kentucky.

We have seen John Hanks settling in the valley of the Shenandoah in Virginia; and here, in the person of the carpenter, we have one of his descendants, together with his nieces Lucy, Betty, Polly, and Nancy. The early Harrisonburg records are no longer in existence, and we probably never shall know the names of their parents. That they were grandchildren of John Hanks is almost conclusive. Probably it was during the first four years of the century that they emigrated to Kentucky. In the home of this carpenter of Elizabethtown the two lines of Puritan descent—one from Norwich, the other from Birmingham in old England—meet in the persons of Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks, to be united in their marriage. The husband's ancestors had ever been pioneers of civilization. From Mordecai, weaver apprentice of Norwich, to Thomas, carpenter apprentice of Elizabethtown, through want of educational facilities and frontier privations, there had been a manifest deterioration of intellectual force. The plane of life occupied by Thomas was far below that of Mordecai of Amity township—the one unable to write his name, the other a "gentleman." We may think of him as unlearned, but kind-hearted, religious, and a loving husband. The maiden who gives him the wealth of her affection is tall, dark-haired, and comely. She seems to be looking ever beyond the present, as if seeing what others do not see. She is winsome by her grace of manner and quiet dignity. She has attended school in Virginia, and few if any of her mates are her equal in intellectual attainments. There has come down to her, through generations of religious ancestry, a reverent nature. The Bible is the one book within her reach. Her conduct is in accordance with its precepts. Pathetic her life. She is on the frontier, where few books are to be had, and where there is little intellectual culture. All her instincts are for a larger life. Through the long summer days she hears the cooing of the ring-doves, the mimicry of the mocking-birds, and the tender notes of the hermit-thrush in the forest; in winter the woods are silent to the songs of birds, and the voices heard are the barkings of foxes and howlings of wolves. Need we wonder that the eyes look far away, that sadness throws its shadows athwart her countenance as she confronts an uncongenial present and a fathomless future?

Her home was a log cabin containing one room only. No door had been hung. The skin of a deer stretched across the opening partially protected the inmates from the winter air. At night she might look through the opening left for a window in the side of the cabin, and behold the gleaming stars. The

SITE OF JONES'S STORE AT GENTRYVILLE, INDIANA.

THE SPOT ONCE OCCUPIED BY THE CABIN IN WHICH ABRAHAM LINCOLN WAS BORN.



SITE OF THOMAS LINCOLN'S CABIN ON KNOB CREEK.

LINCOLN AND HERNDON'S OFFICE IN THE THIRD BUILDING FROM THE CORNER.

RUTLEDGE'S MILL-DAM.

THE GRAVE OF NANCY HANKS LINCOLN, PIGEON CREEK, INDIANA.

bed was a mattress of straw resting on sticks supported by other forked sticks driven into the ground. The household utensils were a Dutch oven, a frying-pan, keeler, knives, forks, and a pail for bringing water from the spring.

This cheerless home was made brighter by the birth of a daughter—Sarah. Two years passed, and on February 12, 1809, the mother held another babe in her loving arms, who received the name of Abraham—"Father of the Faithful."

SITES OF BERRY AND LINCOLN'S STORE, AND RUTLEDGE'S HOTEL, NEW SALEM.

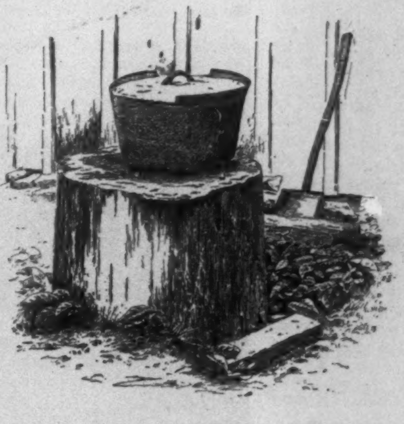
Nothing remains to mark the birthplace of this child except the stones which formed the fireplace of the cabin. These now lie scattered around the trunks of a decaying pear and apple tree, whose seeds were planted by Thomas Lincoln. Three miles from this cabin is still standing the Little Mound log meeting-house in which Abraham Lincoln heard his first sermon.

He was seven years old when his father moved northward nine miles, and built a cabin on Knob Creek. The well which was dug by Thomas Lincoln is all that remains to mark the site of this second home.

Kentucky was not a paradise for men in poverty during the second decade of the century. The old Virginia law of entail was still in force. Although there were not many slaves in Hardin County, class distinction was asserting its power against men in the depths of poverty. There was no law of entail in Indiana, nor were there any slaves in that State. Its lands were inviting, and so we see Thomas Lincoln disposing of the property on Knob Creek, taking his pay in whiskey, constructing a boat at the junction of that stream with the Rolling Fork of Salt River, putting his two barrels of whiskey on board, taking his axe, saw, and his few carpenter's tools, and floating down the several streams to the Ohio. The autumnal rains have swollen the rivers, and when the frail craft floats out from Salt River it is capsized, and whiskey and tools disappear beneath the swirling flood of the Ohio. He waits till the water subsides, fishes them up, and with a new craft floats down to Thompson's Landing on the Indiana side. Leaving his little property at that point, he makes his way inland twenty miles, selects a site for a new home on Pigeon Creek, travels on foot to Vincennes, secures his title, and returns to Kentucky. In November, 1817, Thomas and Nancy Hanks Lincoln and their two children made the journey to Indiana. No cabin had been erected, no shelter awaited them. The nights were cold, and the rains of autumn setting in. It was only a "camp" that the carpenter could build, sheltered on three sides from the wind. Its southern front was open to the weather. Huge logs are rolled to the open side, and a fire kindled to warm the wintry air. The hard-working wife fries the bacon, bakes the corn-cake, and goes on with the drudgery of life. At night husband, wife, daughter, and son lie down to sleep upon the piles of dried leaves gathered from the surrounding forest. For a year this is the home. Before leaving Nolin's Creek, Abraham had attended a school taught a few weeks by Zechariah Riney, and at Knob Creek a school kept by George Hazel, who taught reading and spelling only. It seems probable that while occupying this "half-faced" camp, as it was called, his mother taught him writing.

SITE OF THOMAS LINCOLN'S INDIANA HOME.

Thomas Lincoln was felling trees, and hewing them for a cabin. It was to be a better structure than those in which he had lived; it was to be of "hewn" logs. No floor had been laid, no door hung, when the family occupied it. Sickness invaded the Lincoln home. The nearest physician was fifty miles away. A few days, and then the closing scene—the mother bidding farewell to earthly things. "I am going away from you, Abraham, and shall not return. I know that you will be a good boy, that you will be kind to Sarah and your father. I want you to live as I have taught you, and to love your heavenly Father." The words never will fade from the memory of her boy. In the full vigor of manhood he will not think it unmanly to say, with tearful eyes, "All that I am I owe to my mother."



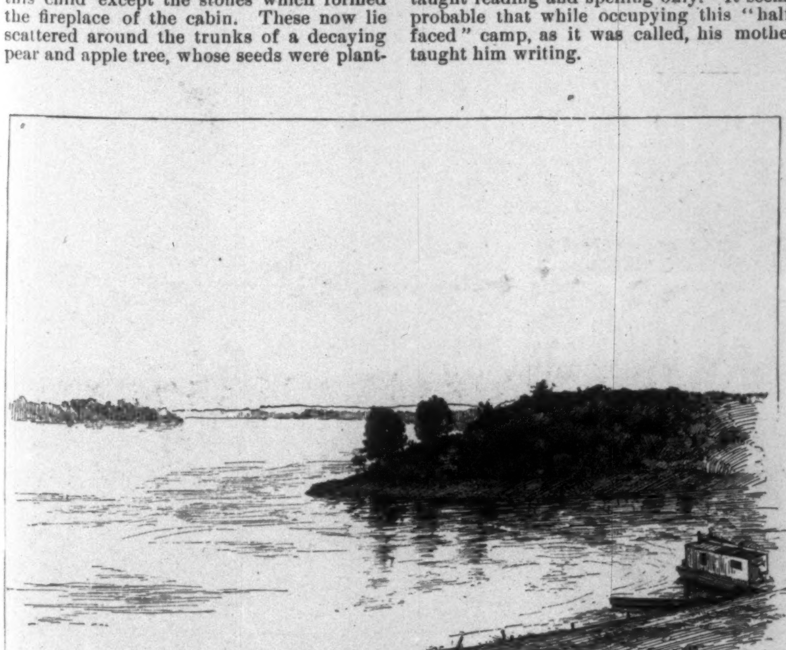
DUTCH OVEN, HODGENSVILLE, KENTUCKY.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S INK-STAND.

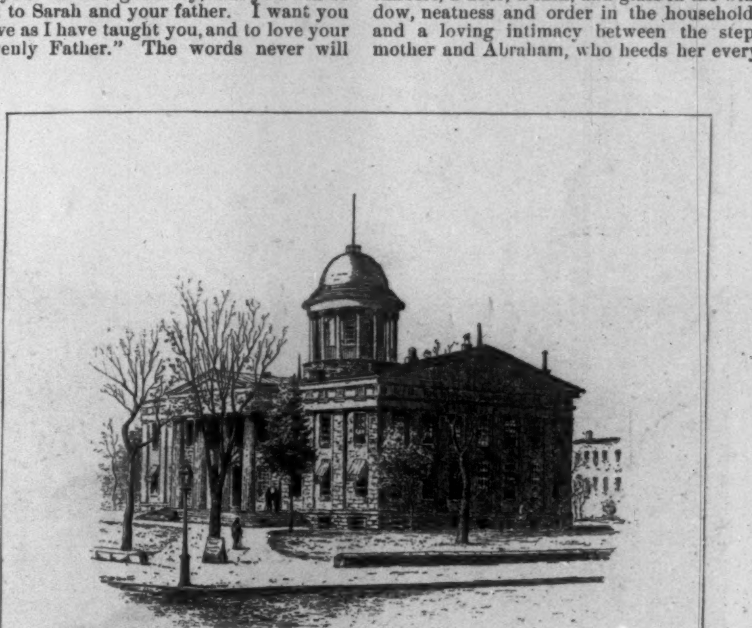
The husband makes her coffin, and she is borne to her rest beneath the oaks and maples. A marble head-stone, erected by Mr. Studebaker, of South Bend, Indiana, now marks her grave.

A year passes. Sarah, thirteen years old, is doing what she can to supply the place of a mother, baking the corn pone, frying the bacon—a lonely year to Thomas Lincoln. His children sorely needed a mother. We see him suddenly departing for Kentucky. He reaches Elizabethtown, and calls upon Sarah Bush Johnston, a widow with three children—John, Sarah, and Matilda. When a young man and before her marriage, he asked Sarah Bush to be his wife. Would she not consent to be a mother to his children? A few days later and the newly wedded pair, together with John, Sarah, and Matilda Johnston—her three children—with bureau, feather-bed, and other furniture piled in Ralph Crume's wagon, drawn by four horses, halted at the Lincoln cabin. Just what Abraham and Sarah Lincoln thought when they beheld the approaching team, and found that they had a new mother, a brother, and two sisters, we do not know; neither what reflections passed through the mind of the new wife. A few weeks brought about a new order of things—a floor of hewn timbers, a door, a sash, and glass in the window, neatness and order in the household, and a loving intimacy between the stepmother and Abraham, who heeds her every

DESK UPON WHICH PRESIDENT LINCOLN WROTE HIS FIRST INAUGURAL.



JUNCTION OF SALT RIVER WITH THE OHIO.



THE STATE-HOUSE, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS, 1860.

LITTLE MOUND MEETING-HOUSE, HODGENSVILLE, KENTUCKY.

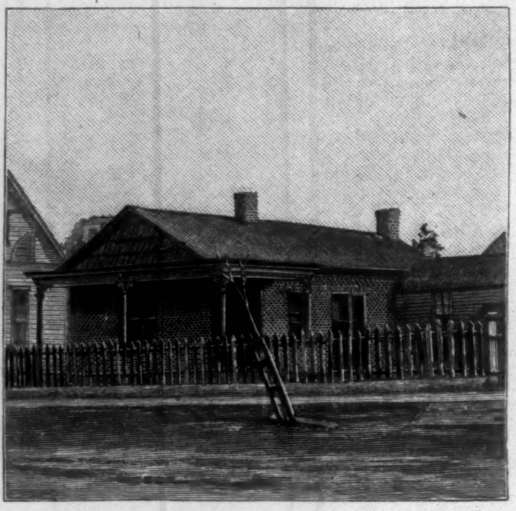
GRAVE OF ANN RUTLEDGE, OAKLAND CEMETERY, NEAR PETERSBURG, ILLINOIS.

wish. He asks questions which other boys do not ask. She sees what the father does not see, his dawning intellect. Whatever book he can lay his hands on he reads with eager avidity—Æsop's Fables, Weems's *Life of Washington*. In the store of Mr. Jones, at Gentryville, he keeps his ears open to the stories told by the lawyers, and convulses them with laughter by his own narratives.

Once more he is at school studying arithmetic. In the winter evenings he sits by the blazing fire at home, with a wooden shovel in his lap for want of a slate, chars a stick in the glowing coals, and works out the problems. When his school-days are completed, they are, all told, less than twelve months. At the age of sixteen he is so strong of arm that he becomes ferry-man at Gentry's landing, and ferries travellers and teams across the Ohio. He sees the evil effects that come from the drinking of intoxicating liquors, and while waiting for passengers writes an essay on temperance. He shows it to Judge Pitcher, who in turn hands it over to a newspaper for publication; this, four years before the great temperance movement of 1829.

At the age of nineteen he is pulling an oar on a flatboat down the Ohio and Mississippi to New Orleans. Two years later John Hanks is writing in glowing terms of the attractions of the Sangamon country in Illinois, and we see Abraham Lincoln driving an ox team bearing his father, mother, and their relatives to the new El Dorado, and assisting in the erection of a cabin for their shelter.

Again, he is a boatman descending the Sangamon to the Illinois, and thence down the Mississippi. At Rutledge's Mill, down on the Sangamon, the boat grounds,



THE CHAPMAN HOUSE, CHARLESTON, ILLINOIS.

but by his ingenuity is made to float once more. He returns from New Orleans, and we see him piloting a steamboat on the Sangamon, splitting rails, clerk in a store, bottoming chairs, surveying land, throwing stalwart wrestlers, soldier in the Black Hawk war, studying law, "riding the circuit," member of the Legislature, elected to Congress, advocating on the stump the election of Henry Clay, William Henry Harrison, Zachary Taylor, to the Presidency, combating Stephen A. Douglas in one of the most memorable of political contests, then nominated and elected President of the United States in the most critical period of the history of our country. It was my privilege to make his acquaintance the night after his nomination, May, 1860, in his own home. His law office, with its pine desk and table, was not a suitable place for the reception of the thousands who came to see him, and the Governor of the State kindly tendered him the use of the Executive Chamber. His election and what followed are historic events.

In a little cottage in Charleston, the week before taking his departure for Washington, he bade farewell to his step-mother. Very tender the parting. From that day when she alighted from Ralph Crume's wagon before the doorless Indian cabin she had been a guiding angel to him. Her wise counsels, together with the instruction of his own mother, moulded and fashioned his character, purified his great nature, and made him the man that he was.

OUR INDIAN CONTINGENT.

BY LIEUTENANT S. C. ROBERTSON, FIRST CAVALRY, U. S. A.—ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

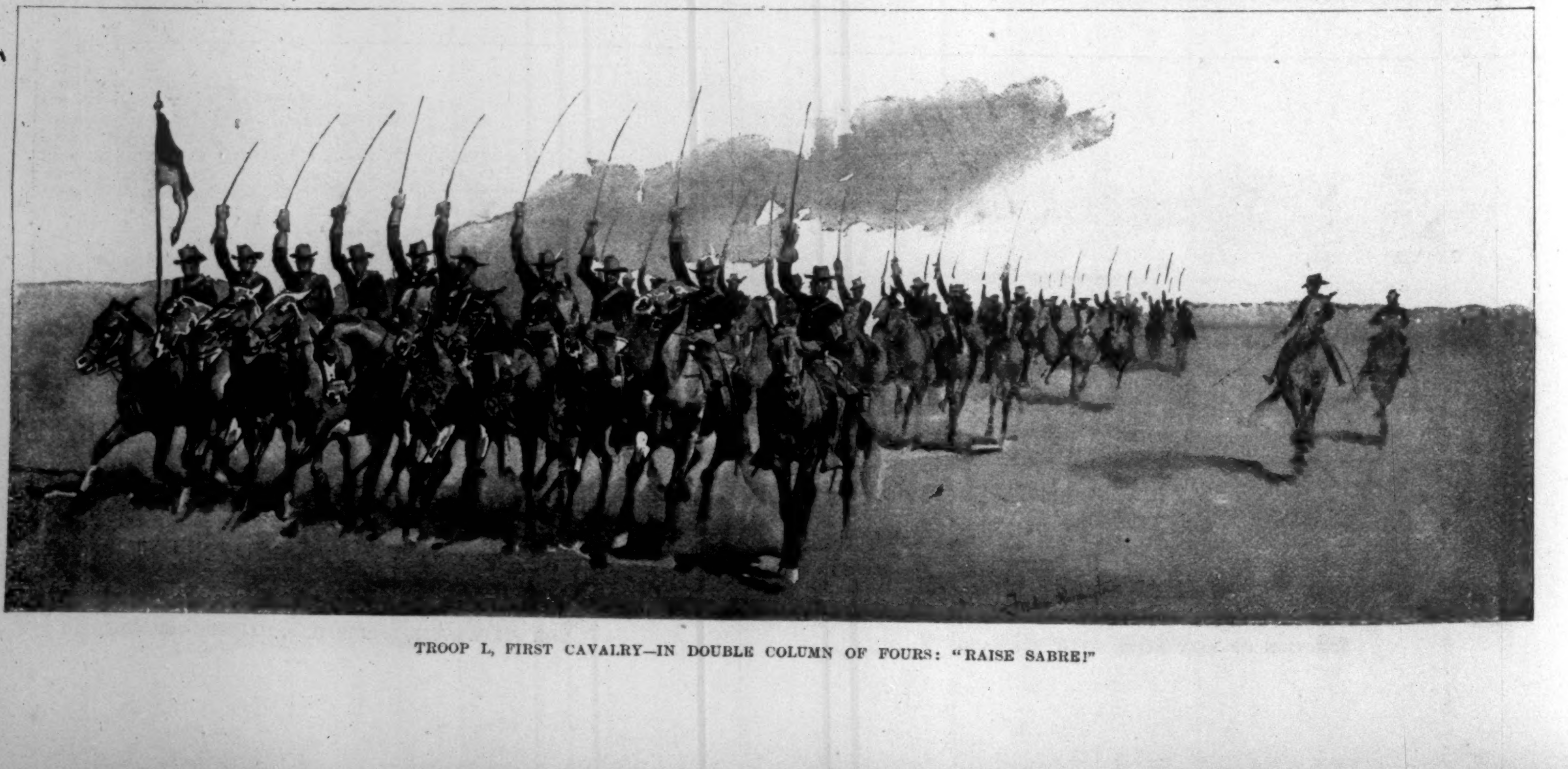
I.—AS SCOUTS.

SHOULD the sportive prediction of that humorous wanton Mr. Nye, published some months ago, prove true, and the American Indian at a proximate period really join in their geological beds the mastodon and ichthyosaurus, it will not be for lack of effort to save him from such inglorious extermination. For several centuries made by turns the object of wholesale destruction by the deadly rifles of a civilizing and paternal government, and of empirical schemes of philanthropists for his reformation and support, it is probable that what remains of his race to-day really stands some chance of escaping extinction by the fatal application of that convenient law of the "survival of the fittest," which all powerful races are so fond of applying to weaker ones.

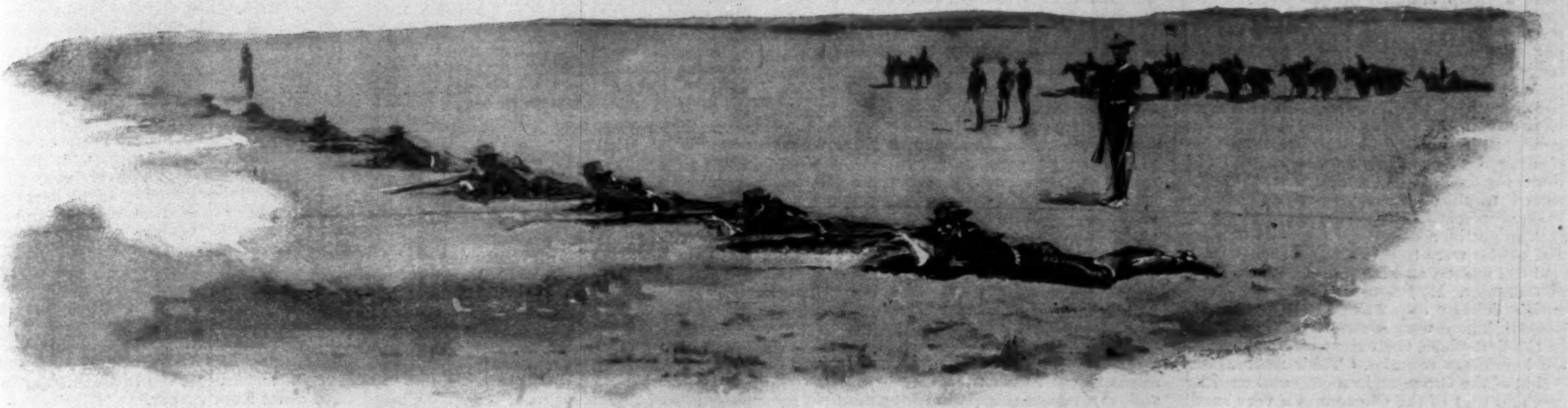
The continuity of disastrous and repeated failures has at last seemed to teach its lesson, and secure practical benefits and reforms in the government's methods of dealing with "the red brother." To the Interior Department itself is due the credit of many of these, and the condition of the Indian on a number of reservations personally known to the writer will attest the solid improvement in late years made by its earnest efforts. The giving of land in severalty; the training of the Indian in industrial pursuits; the general distribution of agricultural implements, wagons, and harness; the improvement and increase of his herds of cattle and horses; the establishment of good schools at Carlisle and on the individual reservations—all these are benefits which may be said now to be generally enjoyed by the different tribes.

But as much as has been accomplished by the Interior Department, it has been reserved for the War Department to originate a measure which will, I firmly believe, result in as much good to the future of these tribes as any of the above. For seventy-five years our little army, always the friend and benefactor of the Indian in time of peace, has been called upon from time to time to do battle with him in cruel and bloody wars. The justice of the case was well known to lie often with the so-called "hostile" tribe, and many a gallant officer and man have, in the very act of destroying its camps and shooting down its warriors in the bloody fight, deplored the iniquity of the cause they represented.

On the other hand, as is equally well known, the Indian himself has often been an unjust aggressor. But it



TROOP L, FIRST CAVALRY—IN DOUBLE COLUMN OF FOURS: "RAISE SABRE!"



TROOP L, FIRST CAVALRY—FIGHTING ON FOOT—"LIE DOWN: COMMENCE FIRING!"

may be said of him, whatever his tribe or the principles for which he has fought, that he has in the main been a stubborn, courageous, and most dangerous adversary. The annals of no country can show any savage foe so formidable for his numbers to trained regular troops of the white race as this same American Indian. The tales of the Sepoy rebellion, replete as they are with heroic achievements of British soldiers, read like absurd fairy tales to Indian fighters of our army. The spectacle, repeated again and again, of a score or so of these Englishmen riding through as many thousands of opposing Sepoys, disciplined, and thoroughly supplied with the best of fire-arms, would be a very novel one to those accustomed to the temper of the savage of our own continent. Had Captain Jack or Joseph or Geronimo, with such warriors as they led, been the sort of foes to attack the English power in India, the history of Delhi and Lucknow would have been written in far darker characters on the pages of English history. Self-reliant, intelligent, fierce in battle, inimitable horsemen, armed with the modern rifle, our own Indians have often waged successful battle with regular troops unsurpassed in quality and far outnumbering them. It is doubtful if even the Cossack or Arab can be compared with them in partisan warfare. And yet England and France, learning by bloody experience the prowess of the native races of the provinces they conquered, were quick to see how they could pluck the flower of safety from these nettles of danger, and to-day Sikh and Spahi form no mean portions of their respective military establishments. From enemies they were transformed into allies by the simple process of enlistment under the victor's flag. Their resentment as a conquered people was soon merged into a community of interest with the conquerors, and their pride appeased by the consciousness, ever kept alive in them by their officers, that they were part of the right arm of the mighty governments who had thrown over their countries the mantle of possession. By similar means, from outlaws and robbers of desperate character, was that magnificent body of cavalry, the Rurales, formed by President Diaz in our sister republic south of the Rio Grande. It is a process of transubstantiation—this change of heart, so to speak—as old as history itself.

It is singular, then, that it was only last winter that the idea of employing our own Indians as regulars in our permanent establishment was seriously taken hold of by our War Department. It is true that for many years past the services of friendly tribes have been called into requisition in Indian wars. They have been used in such cases, however, almost exclusively as scouts and trailers, enlisted for the campaign only, as a rule, without serious organization or discipline, and without sympathy for a service of which they formed no permanent part.

Last year Lieutenant Casey, of the Twenty-second Infantry, a dashing and able young officer, stationed then at Fort Keogh, Montana, conceived the idea of employing this Indian material on a more substantial and permanent basis. His idea was to enlist the Indians of the different tribes in separate troops or companies, and for definite periods of say a year, or six months. They were to be thoroughly drilled and disciplined, required to keep two pony mounts of serviceable quality, for which the government was to allow forage and extra pay, and to be allowed to continue in the service, by re-enlistment, during good behavior. This was intended to serve the double purpose of giving a leaven of civilization and military training to each of the tribes represented, and at the same time furnishing the army with a number of bodies of light irregular cavalry scattered among its Western stations. These levies were to be known as "scouts," but in arms, equipments, uniform, and drill they were to be assimilated as rapidly as possible to the condition of regulars. It will be seen at once where the difference lay between such troops as these, and the untrained and merely temporary bodies up to that time known as scouts to our army. Lieutenant Casey carried his views to Washington. He was entitled to the sole credit for his conception, and he urged his plans with all the earnestness of his enthusiastic nature. Fortunately he met with both attention and encouragement from Mr. Proctor, the Secretary of War. Ways and means were discussed, and Casey, in May, came back to Keogh happy in permission from the Secretary to raise a troop of one hundred Cheyennes, to be enlisted on the conditions above named.

I had met Casey in the field about the time he projected his movement, and discussed it with him earnestly and often. I had commanded Indians in the field myself, saw the feasibility and advantage of his ideas, and determined to have, if possible, a second company myself, from the Crow tribe, on whose reservation I was stationed. Casey soon raised a sufficient number of young men, mustered them in, uniformed them, appointed non-commissioned officers, and after a few preliminary drills took them to the mountains to cut logs for their winter quarters—a work in which they were uninterruptedly engaged for some weeks.

SOME MEMBERS OF TROOP L TWO YEARS AGO.—From a Photograph.

Meantime, although the number of scouts allowed then by law was only one thousand, I had secured permission in September to raise a troop similar to Casey's from the Crows, and was appointed to its command. I was limited to sixty men; but although the pay for privates, including use of their horses, was $25 per month, I found recruits to come in slowly at first. The Crows are comparatively rich and independent, and did not view enlistment merely as a means of livelihood. It was only in October that, after sending out recruiting parties in all directions, the troop began really to fill up. Rumored troubles about "ghost dances" on various reservations, and the prospect of getting out on a campaign where both glory and ponies were to be probable rewards, settled the matter, and from this time on I had no difficulty. My troop was gotten into shape with a celerity that was perhaps never surpassed. There were several reasons for this. In the first place, the Crows and Cheyennes are hereditary enemies. Their reservations—that of the Crows an immense and wealthy one, and that of the Cheyennes a very small and poor one—are only fifty miles apart. A battalion of three troops of my regiment had been patrolling the Cheyenne reservation all summer, and my Crows, as soon as enlisted, were assigned to the arduous courier duty between Fort Custer and our camps among the Cheyennes. They were thus brought very frequently in contact with Casey's new enlistments. A spirit of rivalry between the two at once sprang up. My men would come back from these rapid rides, and gravely inform me that they had seen the Cheyenne troop, that it "looked like a flock of sheep," and "couldn't drill worth a cent," and then buckle down to their own drills with renewed ardor.

Soon in December we made up our minds that there would be war with the Sioux, and although we couldn't redouble our energies, since we were having three drills daily, with the prospect before us of an all-winter's campaign, we resolved at least to be "in shape" when called on. My troop about December 15th numbered sixty men. I had picked out two trumpeters—one a bright young blanket Indian, the other a Carlisle boy—whom weeks before I had detailed for daily instruction under the chief trumpeter, and they could by this time sound fairly well all the drill calls.

My non-commissioned officers were all reservation Crows, who had never been to school, and who talked little or no English, and only two of whom had mixed blood. It was my desire from the start to have as few Carlisle boys as possible in my troop, and I had enlisted but two, for reasons in no ways derogatory to Carlisle. I had the good fortune to select as first sergeant a magnificent specimen of physical manhood, who is now first sergeant of my new troop. This man was a born soldier, ambitious, faithful in the performance of duty, and of a strength of character that won for him instant obedience and respect from the men. Half of my success has, I think, been due to the assistance of this fine soldier.

A special uniform had been designed by the War Department for these companies of scouts, differing principally in its facings from the regular uniform of the rest of the army. Exceptions to this were the hat and overcoat, the latter being the most tasteful and useful military coat I ever saw. We also had a special guidon of red silk with crossed arrows, and worked upon it the inscription, "U. S. Scouts, 'B,' Dept. of Dakota." Casey's troop was Troop A, same department. This uniform was at once issued. Unlike Casey, I kept the moccasin for my men, instead of giving them boots, believing it to be of more service in the field to scouts and trailers accustomed to it. I had my full quota of non-coms.—six sergeants and four corporals. All of these sought the honor of carrying the guidon, and its assignment caused very laughable but evident heart-burning to the disappointed ones.

My attention was given during the first several months to mounted drill almost exclusively. My men had any number of fine ponies, and it was a delight I cannot express to be able to dash with them over the broad prairie near Fort Custer in spirited manœuvres without feeling that galling anxiety so well known to every cavalry officer concerning the welfare of Uncle Sam's horseflesh. In two months they had been carried through all the evolutions of the troop, especial attention being paid to the skirmish drill, mounted and on foot. It is no exaggeration to say that by January 1st no troop of cavalry that I ever saw performed many of these movements on horseback with more precision than they. I had the assistance of a Carlisle interpreter specially detailed for the troop, but in a few weeks the men understood most of the simpler commands in English, and the others were communicated by a simple system of signals with the hand. The trumpet calls were also used by my trumpeters. As scouts, these men had simply the carbine and revolver, the sabre being deemed a superfluous adjunct. Their equipment was furnished by the government, and was in every respect that of the regular trooper. In addition to mounted drills, I taught them the manual of arms, the facings, marching by fours and twos, etc., etc., but in these they were naturally far less apt than in the mounted exercises. Their hair at this period was worn long and braided. In saluting officers and other

THE DISPATCH-BEARER, TROOP B., UNITED STATES SCOUTS.

minutiæ of discipline they were quite careful. The enthusiasm of these Indians, recently living in tepees and wearing blankets, their quickness in learning, and their docility amazed even myself, who had believed more than others in their possibilities. Mounted drills they never seemed to weary of, and it was a positive privation to them when from any cause they were forced to be absent from them.

Of course I had not from the very start any such anxiety and trouble with them which pertains to the mounted instruction of a certain type of city recruit who vexes the soul of cavalry instructors of white troops. I never gave a thought to their safety or their ability to manage their mounts, for, like all plains Indians, they are brought up in the saddle. I soon found that contact with the white soldiers of the garrison was working to the advantage of these Indians in every way, the *entente* between them and their white comrades being excellent. My first sergeant and some of the others applied themselves industriously to the study of English, and, to my great surprise, about a month after the enlistment of the former, the morning report, made out always by a white trooper attached to the troop as clerk, came up to my quarters bearing this Indian first sergeant's signature in characters shaky, but evidently determined. The enterprising fellow had been secretly taking lessons from the clerk, and this was intended for a pleasant surprise to me, on which, it may be believed, I duly complimented him. My troop during all this while lived in a camp composed of ordinary tepees, and about two hundred yards away from the Adjutant's office. Many of the men were married, and their wives washed and cooked for the unmarried ones. This camp was in charge, for a week at a time, of each non-commissioned officer in turn, who was responsible for its good order and cleanliness. At this time the only duties my men had were drills, retreat, roll-call, and stables. Their ponies were attached to a picket line in one of the Quartermaster's corrals, and it was at first very amusing to see these red troopers marched over at stable call, and set gravely to work with curry-comb and brush on their range ponies. It would be hard to say which got the more fun out of this unaccustomed exercise, the Indian or the pony. In anticipation of coming field service, about the last of November I also detailed four of my strongest men to receive instruction, with the commanding officer's approval, in packing, the post packer being their instructor. They did not take kindly to the "diamond hitch," but in a month could pack a mule with a skill which, at any rate, guaranteed that generally "she'd stay."

On the first serious rumors from the Sioux country, I had been authorized to hire four light four-horse wagons and twenty-two packs for my troop, and I now felt that I had one of the finest and most efficient troops to take into the campaign that ever a young cavalry officer commanded.

On the night of the 20th of November, Colonel A. K. Arnold, commanding the First Cavalry and the post of Fort Custer, received telegraphic instructions to send out at once troops A, B, and E, under Major Henry Carroll, First Cavalry, to operate as one of the columns in the then opening Sioux campaign. The Colonel called me into his office, and directed me to send out scouts immediately to bring in hunting parties from the Big Horn Mountains and the government teams from the saw-mill, twenty-six miles distant. In about fifteen minutes three scouts were standing silent in the darkness alongside their horses to receive their orders. I explained to them the necessity of haste, and sent two after the hunting parties and one to the saw-mill. There was snow on the ground, and the hunting parties had to be found by their trail. They were overtaken, after a ride of about 120 miles by the scouts, in twenty-four hours. The courier to the saw-mill—his route lying partly over a hill road—made his twenty-six miles in two hours, bringing in the teams about reveille next morning. These were only two of the rides illustrating their unrivalled excellence in this sort of service. For such feats as these I always took occasion to compliment them before the troop, generally calling them to the front at retreat, and bestowing my few words of praise. To these, like most Indians, they are always most susceptible; and the gratification such deserved commendation inspires, I will say in parenthesis, I consider to be one of the most potent means by which they may be led or influenced—more so than the fear of punishment, to their sensitive and independent natures.

We saw the battalion just mentioned depart on its errand with feelings of the greatest envy, but quietly awaited the summons we ourselves expected. I had gotten a telegram from the gallant and ill-fated Casey just previous to his start on the trip which resulted in his death, saying that he had wired headquarters asking that our two troops be allowed to serve together in the campaign. Casey, with whom I had been in constant correspondence, had spent most of the summer in building huts for his men, and had not had the same opportunities for drill as I, but his troop was a splendid body of men, and with the only two really disciplined or complete Indian organizations in the service, we foresaw a magnificent field in the coming war. Our anticipations were not fulfilled. Casey was ordered out first, towards the northeast, with Captain Adams of my regiment, and it was not until the morning of January 1st that our own instructions came. At one o'clock at night the orderly told me that I was to report at the commanding officer's office at once. I knew what this meant, and hurriedly sent a messenger over to arouse my camp. That morning at four o'clock, long before dawn, our little column of troops, Lieutenant Backus's (D) and my own, with its wagons and packs and my pony herd, took up its march across the parade, headed for "the war" at last.

The snow crackled under our horses' hoofs; lights flashed through the darkness from the quarters of the ladies, who had—lovely angels!—awaked to tell us adieu, or to send last messages to their husbands, whom we were soon to meet in the field. In the distance, away over in my camp, could be heard the songs, presumably of exhortation to bravery, and of lamentation from the Indian wives and sweethearts of my own troopers. As we moved out through the night's shadows, pallid by the reflection from the underlying snow, we might have been mistaken for a column of military ghosts were it not for the "bunchy" and unethereal aspect lent the men by buffalo coats and fur caps, and for the fact that D troop started up an Indian war-song, slyly calculating that it would be attributed by the listeners behind us to the "Indian soldiers."

This little battalion was commanded by Major Viele, First Cavalry, Colonel Arnold having taken the field with his Adjutant a few days before. Certainly, we were prepared for war. My own men had 500 rounds of ammunition apiece. Each carried two cartridge-belts, and was provided with two fine ponies, the extra ones being driven along in herd. I would not allow them to carry the buffalo coat, but they wore the Miles overcoat, moccasins, and overshoes. At Custer Station I was joined by Lieutenant Goode, First Cavalry—the dashing, auburn-haired, devil-may-care "George"—equally ready for a scout in buckskin or to tread a measure in the latest of "Hatfield's" with some garrison belle. Being slightly my junior, he came to me, on his own application, as my "sub" for the campaign, and, of course, I felt that this made my troop complete. We soon found that we were destined for Colonel Arnold's camps on the Little Missouri, about 160 miles from Custer.

I have not space to go into description or reminiscence concerning this exciting but, for us, bloodless campaign. I cannot refrain, however, before leaving the subject of the scouts proper, from a word or two concerning their conduct on the trip. I had at the start divided them into four squads, each in charge of an Indian non-com. Each squad occupied its own "conical wall" tent, and the sergeant in charge was responsible for the details for guard and herd from his own tent. Each tent supplied one cook, and the four thus detailed cooked over a common camp fire. Meals were taken at regular hours and on the announcement by the cook, given in the white trooper's fashion, by beating on a tin pan, each man would turn out with tin plate and cup, and receive his share of the day's rations. Their cooking was by no means bad, and I never had cause for a complaint on this score on the trip.

The troop tents were often pitched before those of the rest of the command, and necessarily came down before the others in the morning, as we generally had the advance. In fact, in several days these Indian troopers fell into the steady routine of duty in a march with a discipline and efficiency that convinced me right away that I had nothing more to fear for them. I was amused after we passed Fort Keogh, and when we were still some 240 miles from the scene of the Wounded Knee fight, which had just taken place, to receive a delegation of my sergeants, who said they wanted to talk to me. They wanted me to tell them, they said, if we were not supposed to be marching after the Sioux. I said, "Yes"; and the spokesman then said if we were going we had better do it; that we were only now making about 25 miles a day, and we'd never get there; that if I would take them (they knew the country and the distance well), they could make Wounded Knee in three days, and we might then be in time to take a hand in the fighting. I praised their enthusiasm, but explained that they were scouts for our column, which had to stay with their wagons, and could go no faster. They were apparently satisfied, saluted, and went back to their fire, and that was the only "kick" I heard from them on the expedition. I never saw more cheerful or contented soldiers. Song and jest and shouts of laughter over an occasional contretemps to some unlucky comrade constantly enlivened the day's march.

Colonel Arnold, a fine and veteran cavalry officer, employed my men in a way which, had we met with a serious campaign, would have brought out their highest efficiency. We took the lead each morning, and kept it during the day's march, at a distance of from two to ten miles ahead of the column. My flankers were thrown out several miles on each side of the route, and each tall butte to right or left would be capped in turn by a silhouette of one of these vigilant horsemen, whose eye nothing larger than a jack-rabbit could have escaped. In the game country a detail was sent to procure meat for the command, and twenty antelope or deer a day was their average supply to the column. I may say, on the whole, that I cannot conceive of a body of men of more service to a battalion of regulars than these alert, hard-riding scouts, knowing the ground thoroughly, and adapted by nature to their particular service. It was with sad regret that we returned from our six-weeks' march without the satisfaction of having tested them in battle.

II.—AS REGULARS.

After returning with my scouts to Custer, I went, in March, on leave. One of my main objects was to see the Secretary of War, and, with his permission, advance some of the views I had acquired as to how the scout service could be benefited. On nearing St. Paul, I read in one of the papers just brought in by the newsboy an order from the War Department directing the disbanding of the several troops of scouts in the service, and the forming of regular Indian troops and companies, to be enlisted for five years. This was done under an act of Congress just passed authorizing the addition of 2000 Indian soldiers to the military establishment. I was intensely surprised, and after bitter reflection on the loss of my own fine troop, to which I had become thoroughly attached, and whose value I had seen such proof of, my first conviction was that the

idea of Indian *regulars* was a Utopian one, and could not well be carried out as contemplated. The new order directed the enlistment of one troop (mounted) of Indians for each of the cavalry regiments, except the colored ones, and of one company (dismounted) for each of the white infantry regiments, excepting several that were serving in the East. Each cavalry troop was to have fifty-five men; and in mounts, organization, pay, uniform, and all else was to be exactly on the basis of other regular troops. Enlistments, of course, were to be for five years. Special recruiting officers (generally lieutenants) were to be appointed by department commanders, and recruiting to be commenced immediately, at each regimental headquarters, upon the nearest Indian reservation. The number of married men was restricted to ten for each troop and company; and there lay, in my mind, one of the main difficulties, for the Indian is usually an early married and *much*-married individual. The old scouts were to be mustered out on expiration of their six-months' enlistment, or, on their own application, before that.

Regret over this order was unavailing, and I hastened home to muster out my men when I found that the measure was an accomplished one, and not likely to be changed. On my return I was promptly appointed by the department commander special Indian recruiting officer for the Crow tribe and my regiment. Many of the scouts elected to go out at once. They had learnt to like their scout service thoroughly; but to come down from $25 to $13 a month; have only one horse, and that an American one; to be confined continually in a garrison, and do guard and "fatigue"—all these were naturally changes that did not inspire delight. One question which caused especial distrust and suspicion was the fear that the government would move them, under the new enlistment order, to some distant station, and thus separate them from their friends and native country. This, the pay, and an aversion to the long term of five years were the three principal causes of objection to the new conditions. These features had to be thoroughly explained to them, however, before trying to recruit them for their new troop. The result was most discouraging. Enlistments for this troop (L, First Cavalry) were commenced early in April. Lieutenant Goode had enlisted seven men, including, fortunately, John Wallace, my first sergeant, during my absence in the East, but they claimed not to have thoroughly understood their new status at the time. My object, naturally, was to get in the new troop as many of my old scouts as possible. Every energy, and persuasion almost, was exerted in vain with them. The men were attached to me, trusted me, and were willing to do anything for me—except enlist. Recruiting parties were constantly out, and no efforts spared. The middle of May saw me with only about eighteen men, and enlistments had virtually ceased. The War Department was known to be deeply interested in this new movement, and Colonel Arnold, my commanding officer, furnished me with every encouragement and assistance. My repeated applications finally obtained me permission to increase my married men to twenty, and afterwards to thirty—which was a silver lining to the cloud. About the same time a circular from the War Department came, which announced that regarding Indian soldiers, "it is not the purpose of the department to take them away from their reservations unnecessarily, nor so long as their services there are satisfactory and are not needed elsewhere," which made the silver edge still broader. I had now been regularly appointed to command of L Troop, and determined, on the first opportunity, to meet the Crow tribe in council, and make them an urgent appeal through their chiefs. The opportunity was given me on the Fourth of July last, when they were assembled for their annual dance and horse-races. There were some 2000 people in their camps at this time. In the afternoon Plenticoues and Pretty Eagle, the principal chiefs, came into my camp on the Little Horn with about 200 men—their own tepees being but a couple of hundred yards away. I had partly won over the chiefs to my views, and after they had addressed the circle as it sat under the shade of the tall cottonwoods along the stream, I took their place as orator. I spoke for a half-hour, explaining to them thoroughly the nature of the new service I asked them to engage in. I did not conceal from them any of its objectionable features, realizing how essential absolute frankness is with the Indian character; but I appealed to their pride, dwelt upon the honorable, manly nature of the soldier's profession, and asked if they would not consent to become a part of the right hand of their great government—to fight for and protect it. I also read to them the paragraph above quoted concerning the removal of their troop to other stations. By the time that evening's sun went down L Troop numbered 41 regular soldiers, and I knew that henceforth the War Department's judgment concerning the feasibility of an Indian contingent would be justified, at least as far as the Crow tribe was concerned.

From this time on I had no trouble, and within several weeks afterward the troop numbered nearly its complement—53 men. Although anxious for recruits, I had been careful to select only the best material, and my selections were made as largely as possible from the bright, good-looking, intelligent young men between eighteen and twenty-five years of age. With these were enough middle-aged men to "stiffen up" the troop, as it were. Of the present troop, about half belonged to my old scouts. Twenty-three are married.

From the enlistment of the first ten men, drills had been unremitting, mounted and dismounted. When the last batch of recruits came in, about July 31st, there were already several non-commissioned officers capable of assisting in their military instruction, and I may here say that there has never been any serious difficulty in getting them to understand commands at drill. Their ears are very quick to catch ordinary phrases, and one or two explanations of a movement through the interpreter have generally sufficed, since the first few weeks, for their understanding. I now use with them no other signals than those of the trumpet and the sabre—signals authorized by the new tactics, by which they drill entirely.

On May the 20th, the troop fell heir to the mount of A Troop, of the First, then leaving for Fort Myer. Early in June we were given the old barracks of this troop, and took, thus, a regular place in the garrison proper. Their families are now encamped some 200 yards in rear of the barracks, still in their tepees. The men, when in camp, are directed to wear the canvas fatigue clothing, so as to save their uniforms. Women are never allowed in the kitchen or squad-rooms, and married men to a large extent sleep in quarters. All these rules, and many others, it has naturally required some firmness, patience, and tact to get them to observe faithfully. It is not my habit to issue an unaccustomed order to the troop autocratically, as might be done with white soldiers. The *reasons* for things are generally carefully explained to them, and once understanding them, they have always been willing to give cheerful obedience. For a while I used the men who had done cooking for the old scouts in the field as cooks for the new troop in garrison. I found that the meals, which were held at the regular hours, were not at all badly prepared; but, with a total lack of experience in saving, the Indian cook would often be short on his rations—particularly beef. I therefore took advantage of the War Department's authority, and now one of the infantry soldiers acts as head cook and instructor in the kitchen. To-day (Thanksgiving) they might have been seen to sit down to a bill of fare that no white troop could complain of, eating it from the snowiest of china and handling knife and fork with perfect propriety. It must have forced itself on the dullest mind among them that this was an astonishing improvement upon their dinners of a few months ago, and I believe it did—judging from their pleased expression, as, according to custom at Thanksgiving-day dinner, we strolled through the dining-room to view the table. The internal administration of the troop is exactly that of a white troop. Barracks are neatly swept each day, clothes folded, and Saturday inspections held with scrupulous care. The under-clothing of the men is sometimes examined at these inspections, and they have two bath-tubs assigned them in the garrison bath-house, which are in constant use. A class of thirty men has been formed, for whom school is held five times a week, from one to two o'clock, comprising English object-lessons, the forming of the letters of the alphabet, and similar elementary instructions, and writing for a few advanced ones. They seem much interested in this, and some of them may be found in leisure hours each day industriously practising with slate and pencil. My muster-rolls for last month (October) contained the names of nine men who had never signed a paper before. This was after less than a month of school. Non-commissioned officers' school is held twice a week, and is confined to giving tactical commands and guard duty, on which they are marked. As to their military progress, it has been more astonishing than it was in the troop of scouts. For months, until Lieutenant Osborne, the present Second Lieutenant of my troop arrived, I was alone, and could not really do all I wished with them, which makes the result more remarkable.

When the troop was fairly organized (I hadn't deemed it wise to employ drastic measures while enlistment was going on), I caused every man to sacrifice his long braids and assume the military "short clip," which improved his appearance vastly. In May or June my two trumpeters—whom I had persuaded to re-enlist from the scouts—commenced to take their regular tour as orderly trumpeters for the garrison. On August 17th, the troop left to take its part in the summer manœuvres of the battalion, in which it lived, marched, furnished its regular guards, advanced guards, and outposts just as the other troops. On its return, about September 1st, it commenced to go on guard regularly, attending guard mounts and parades in full dress for the first time in the history of the American Indian. It had been carried by September 10th through troop and battalion drills mounted and on foot, and through the riding-school exercises with the sabre. Among my early enlistments were those of a saddler (picked up by accident in the shape of a Carlisle graduate), and a first-rate blacksmith trained in the agency shops. I also appointed a farrier and wagoner. My quota of non-coms was also quickly filled, Wallace and one or two of the old scout sergeants remaining in their places.*

Breaches of discipline, never serious, began several months ago to be punished unflinchingly. These have been limited with one exception to absences from duty and short absence without leave (overstaying pass). The men in every case were tried by summary court, and got their merited term in the guard-house gang. Their pride is always hurt by this punishment, though in each instance they have taken their medicine manfully and without the slightest resentment or sullenness. Should their punishment be unjust, they would be the first to see it, and the result would be different. For some weeks there has been no trouble about absences.

In September, the law authorizing it, and both Colonel Arnold and myself thinking it best to treat these Indians as responsible men, the privilege of beer in the canteen (in which the troop is a stockholder) was thrown open to them as to the other soldiers.

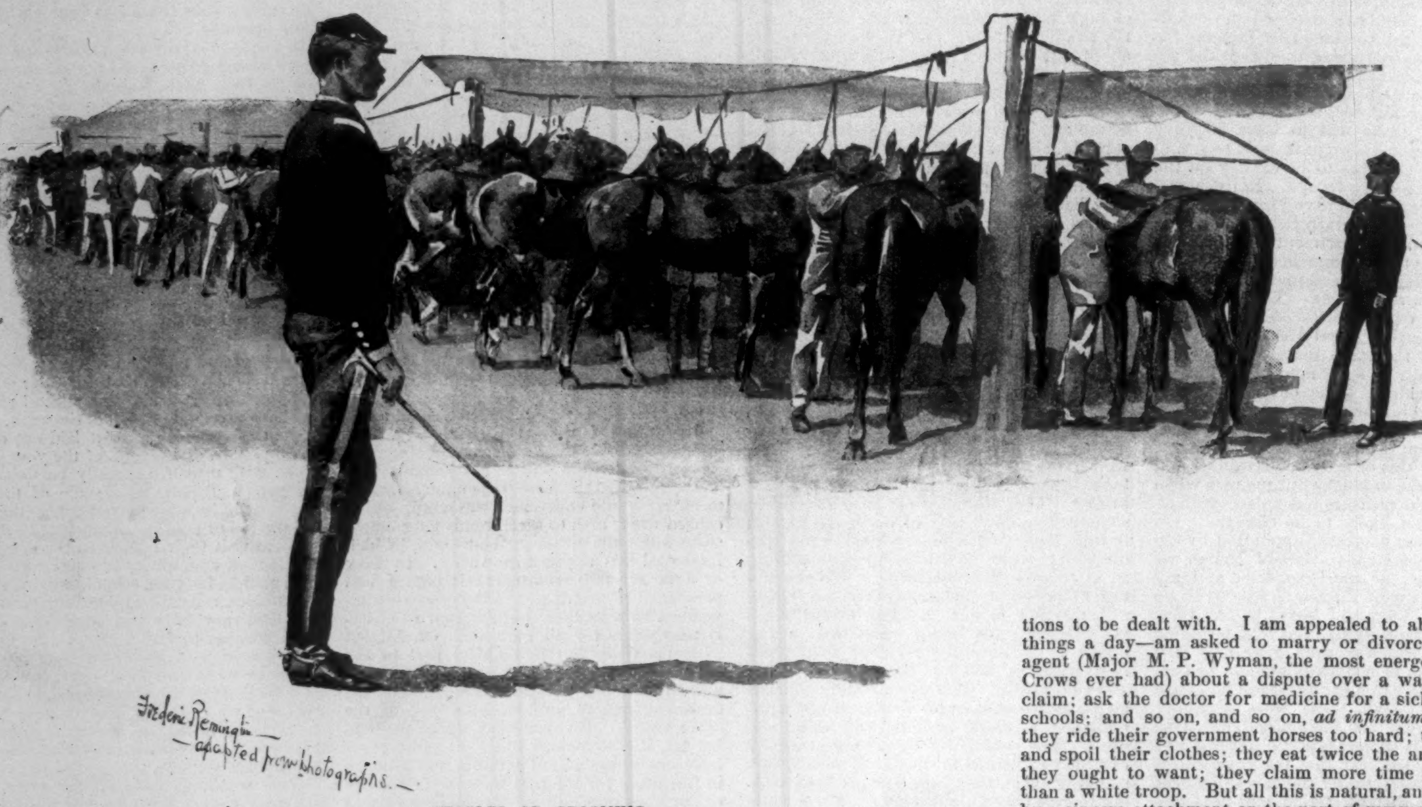
Only one man has been confined for intoxication since, and no serious effects have been seen beyond a little pay-day hilarity among some of them. I have with these men as yet had no case of insubordination of the faintest sort. My word, or that of any officer they know, would be instant law with them. They are punctilious in saluting and in rising in quarters on an officer's approach. Their disposition is very cheerful and merry, and on the march they are like a flock of blackbirds for chatter and noise. I formed in the troop some time ago a polo club for their and our amusement. They are fine natural players, and have excellent ponies for the work. They play in costume on a court laid out on our broad parade, and several of the younger officers, with myself, generally participate in the game. Besides this, some of the men may be seen in spare moments pegging away at billiards or pool in the post canteen, some of them visit their friends in the camp, and others seek amusement in other ways. But with guards, fatigues, school, two drills a day, two stables, roll-calls, and police of camp and quarters, they have had little time during good weather to fritter away. No interference is made with their religious rites; no attempt made to proselyte them; but too frequent "dances" are discouraged, and unmarried men who "marry" are required to do so by civilized forms, and made to understand that a wife is a permanent attachment as long as they are soldiers.

Two weddings have already occurred in the post chapel, the men attending in full dress and the interesting ceremony performed by the chaplain in the presence of the ladies and officers of the garrison and of the Indian's friends.

Now, if it be asked if the War Department's conception as to Indian soldiers was a correct one, I simply point to the above facts and say, emphatically, "Yes"—granting that the idea of civilizing him goes hand in hand with that of obtaining an efficient soldier. I believe that the movement is in its infancy, and that when it has gone far enough to demonstrate to the Indians and the government its advantages to both, there will be ten enlistments where there is one to-day. The Indian is conservative, superstitious, and sometimes suspicious, and cannot be expected to leave barbarism quite as quickly as the chrysalis becomes a butterfly; but, surely, no more wonderful transformation has ever been effected by a similar number of men in the same time than that shown by those I picture. It must be recollected that the experiment in this case has been made with an untrained savage, accustomed, hitherto, to no restraint, ignorant of method or discipline, and entirely unversed in the white man's ways. There are only five "mixed bloods"

* In addition to these, I have had the assistance of two white non-coms of my regiment who assist in clerical work and general instruction, and their services have proved most valuable.

INDIAN CAVALRYMAN.



STABLES, OR GROOMING.

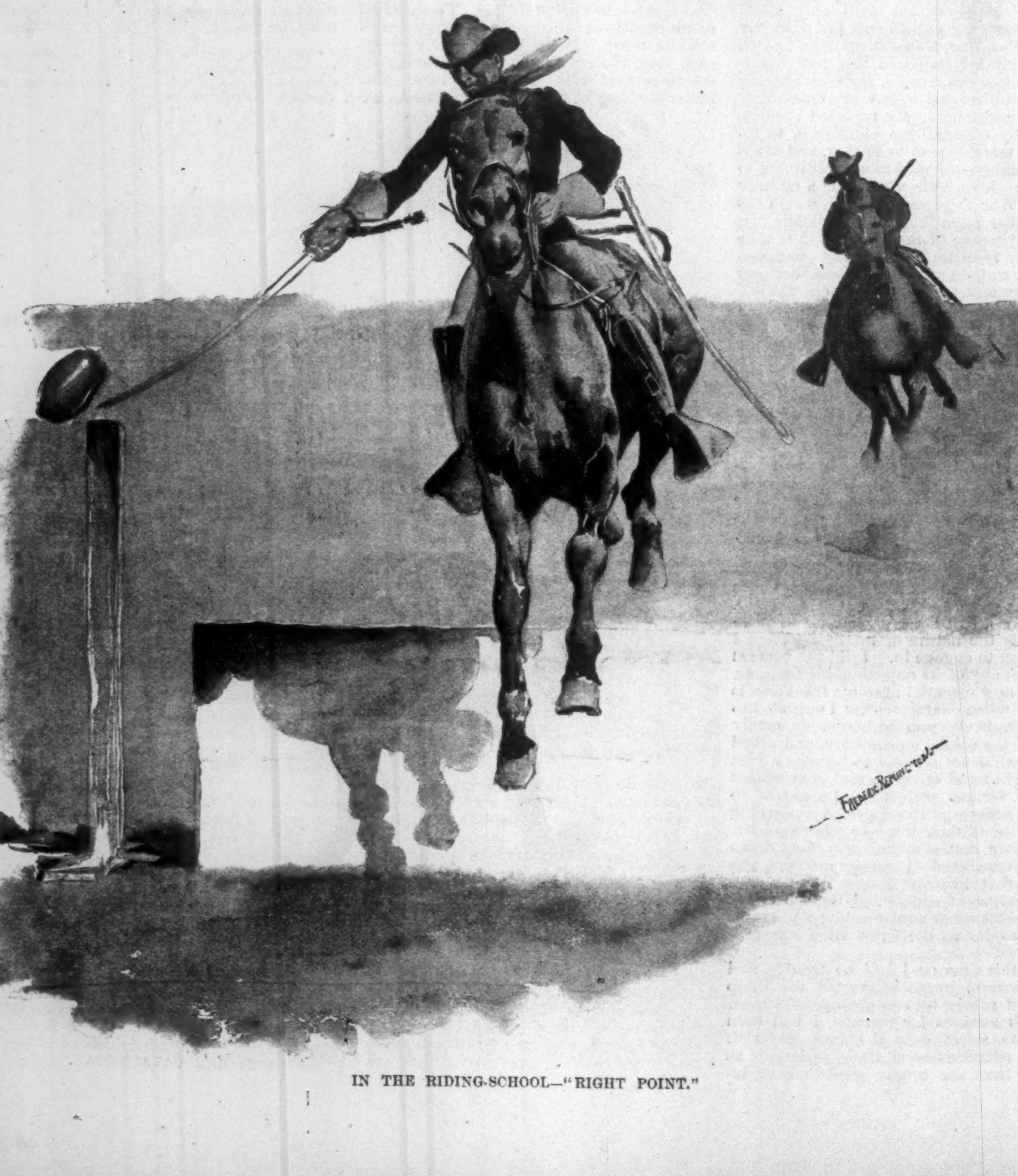
in the troop, two Carlisle men, and five in all who speak English to any degree. This test may therefore be said to be a good one. A word more as to the characteristics of my men, with a suggestion that it will apply, in a greater or less degree, to most Indian tribes of the more intelligent sort, and will give some clew as to their value as military material. The Indian is a naturally secretive being, hiding his inner character jealously from the eye of any alien race. He is called cunning, crafty, morose, revengeful, and cruel. So he *has* been—towards those who have made no bids for his confidence and friendship other than those offer-

A SERGEANT OF TROOP L.

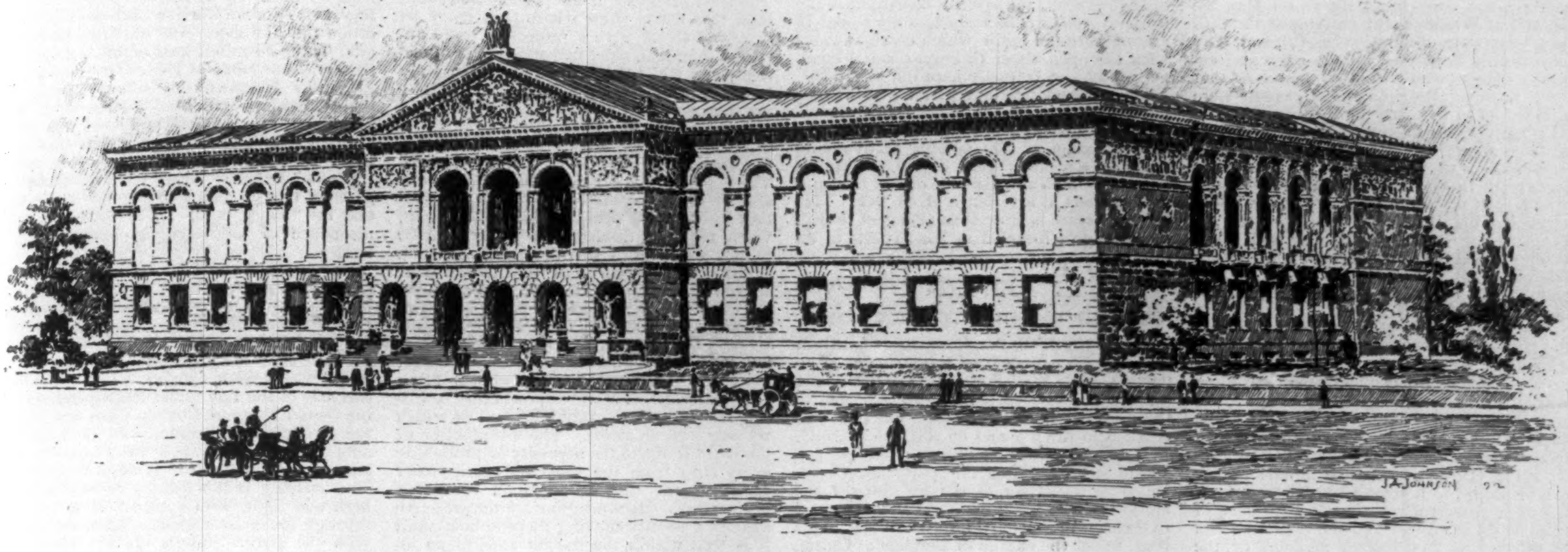
ed by constant efforts to crowd him from his country, despoil, and even exterminate him. He is really by nature—not always, but often—the very reverse of these things. Place him now under other conditions. Put him in one of these new troops; teach him a pride in being a soldier of the government, and that the government relies on him for its safety and protection; make him feel that the white soldiers around him are his comrades, and he as good as they; explain to him the *reason* of things; give him healthy and congenial employment; treat him as an independent rational being and a *man;* cease trying to promote his confidence in you and his progress by talking to him about his soul—and you will soon have a result astonishingly different to the accepted idea of his race. He who commands these people best must be scrupulously just, and keep every promise as far as he can. He must feel a genuine interest and friendship for them, for they are quick to detect shams. He must at first be patient and lenient, punishing usually only after repeated cautions and explanations, and after he is sure the nature of the offence is understood. He must have tact and perception of character, for Indian character is just as varied as the white, and treatment that would do for one man would break up the troop if applied to others. Let him, in addition to the above, show a certain congeniality for and skill in their own manly sport with rifle and horse, go with them on their hunting trips now and then, not be above dropping into their lodges on such an occasion and speaking in kindly and friendly fashion to them—let him, in short, be in every way both their chief and friend, and he will be repaid by a confidence and loyalty and friendship (never without respect) equal to that which any other sort of soldier in the world will give him.

I do not want in the case of my own men to seem too enthusiastic. There are, of course, many defects and shortcomings in the men, and certainly in their immediate commander. There are a good many worries and unusual questions to be dealt with. I am appealed to about scores of things a day—am asked to marry or divorce; write their agent (Major M. P. Wyman, the most energetic agent the Crows ever had) about a dispute over a wagon or a hay claim; ask the doctor for medicine for a sick child at the schools; and so on, and so on, *ad infinitum*. Then, too, they ride their government horses too hard; they wear out and spoil their clothes; they eat twice the amount of beef they ought to want; they claim more time and attention than a white troop. But all this is natural, and I am repaid by a sincere attachment on the part of my men, and by my own belief that in an emergency they would not be found lacking in either valor or loyalty as soldiers.

The service now contains, I believe, some seven troops and companies of Indian soldiers, completely filled, but not all as yet drilled or much disciplined. Others are in slow process of creation. Of these I can only speak by hearsay. Lieutenant Dravo, of the Sixth Cavalry, has a fine troop of Sioux; Lieutenant Wotherspoon, Twelfth Infantry, has a well-trained Indian company; and Lieutenant Macdonald, First Cavalry, has been doing excellent work in recruiting among other portions of the Sioux tribe. Perhaps these officers can endorse my views and share my earnest conviction as to the future of the Indian soldier. That Secretary Proctor, Major-General Schofield, and others have, besides doing a good to the army, inaugurated, by his enlistment, a movement which will do more than aught else to stop future Indian wars, I cannot in my own mind doubt. I have attempted to portray in the accompanying sketches some phases of the Indian's development since his enlistment. The excellent photographs are done by Mr. O. S. Goff, of Bismarck, Dakota.



IN THE RIDING-SCHOOL—"RIGHT POINT."



ART INSTITUTE, CHICAGO.

REGARDING THE WORLD'S FAIR.

MANY of the larger buildings now being erected in Chicago have been presented in the columns of the WEEKLY, and the readers are familiar with these buildings as they will appear when completed. These drawings have been made from the architects' plans, and a visit to Jackson Park to-day would be decidedly unsatisfactory to the average person. Chaos is supreme—or, rather, seems to be—but it is from this present confusion that the mighty and beautiful structures of the fair will rise. The park resembles a huge workshop, where artisans of all kinds are busied with their gigantic task. A foundation covering half an acre gives no idea of what will be done, except in point of size, and it would take a vivid imagination to stand upon the spot and picture the grounds as the world will see them a twelvemonth hence. "Rome was not built in a day," is a proverb that some people are fond of quoting; but to think of the work that a year will bring seems almost magical. Truly we live in the days of wonder, and even though the genie built Aladdin's palace in a night, it was a misty thing that the owner could cause to disappear with a breath, and could not compare with the later wonders of science and architecture. The progress of this age was never so well illustrated as to-day, when we reflect upon the work of the World's Fair. Those who are interested in statistics will find a fund of thought in the fact that 450,000 square feet of concrete sidewalk will be laid.

The Administration Building has been pictured as the world will view it next year, but the illustration that is herewith given is impressive as an object-lesson. Winter's cold has been no hinderance; the massive frame has grown up within an incredible short space of time, and as seen to-day is a huge skeleton. The Mines and Mining Building to the right has kept pace with it, and to-day they form an admirable exhibit of nineteenth-century progress. One may not well realize the extent of the whole unless the work is gone over step by step, and then one is amazed at the magnitude of the undertaking, and fully impressed with the beauty of the completed building. The Centennial Exhibition was held less than twenty years ago, yet the first bill providing for it was signed by the President more than five years before the opening of the exposition, while it seems only yesterday that the World's Fair was first agitated, and we are now looking forward to its opening. Our stride increases wonderfully in a generation.

The Art Institute, of Chicago, has taken advantage of an opportunity to erect a building that will be a feature of the exposition. The building will cost from $500,000 to $600,000, of which the exposition company will donate about one-third. This palace of art will be situated in the improved portion of Jackson Park, on the lake front. Messrs. Shepley, Rutan, & Coolidge, of Boston, are the architects, and work upon the building is now progressing. The style will be thoroughly classic, following the pure Ionic type, and the building will be 500 by 320 feet. On all four sides it will be intersected by a great nave and transept 100 feet wide and 70 feet in height. The extreme height of the building will be 125 feet, surmounted by three colossal statues representing Victory. The central transept runs 60 feet through the building, and is lighted from the roof. Galleries will be on either side at the height of 24 feet. The main floor of the nave and transept will be devoted to the exhibition of sculpture, while a promenade 40 feet wide, extending around the entire building, will be used as a gallery for the display of paintings. A number of small rooms have been provided for, that will contain private collections or examples of various schools of art. The decorations devised are numerous, and bear relation to painting and artistic progress. Solid brick will form the main walls, which will be ornamented and covered to resemble light gray-stone. Iron will form the roof, floor, and galleries, and glass skylights in iron frames will furnish the interior light.

The interest in the fair grows day by day, and it was announced a few days ago that all available space had been taken up. The work was begun with the idea of surpassing anything in that line that the world has heretofore seen, and all provisions were considered ample. Yet the limit of space has been reached, and the promise held forth is wonderful. The amount subscribed by the people of Chicago amounted to $5,000,000, and by an act of Legislature the city was empowered to issue bonds for an equal sum. Three million dollars' worth of these bonds was disposed of in New York during the latter part of January, the remainder being held until the money is actually needed, in order to save the four per cent. interest. This money is in the hands of competent and efficient men, controlled by no political motives. The expenses of the undertaking, however, are so great that it is reported that the city of Chicago will ask Congress for an appropriation of $10,000,000, on the grounds that the country should add to the success of an exhibition that is by no means local, but a national affair, in which all the people are interested.

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, CHICAGO—THE ADMINISTRATION, MINES AND MINING, AND ELECTRIC BUILDINGS.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.

A NEW AMERICAN IRONCLAD-DESTROYER.

BY LIEUTENANT F. DE T. CLOTH, LATE OF FRENCH NAVY.

THE official tests of the new Sims-Edison electric fish torpedo at Havre on May the 2d and at Willets Point on August the 11th last year were highly successful, and they also deeply impressed all the navy and engineer officers who witnessed them. At that time, however, the opinions of experts were divided as to whether the torpedo could be as effectively used from on board of a vessel as from shore. The objections then raised were merely technical, and it is unnecessary to explain them here, since the official trial which took place last week before his Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, the officers of the English Admiralty, and many foreign naval officers in Stokes Bay, off the Isle of Wight, definitely proved that the torpedo might be successfully operated from on board of any vessel.

The Sims-Edison electric fish torpedo is the latest American invention in the line of submarine weapons, and it complies with most of the conditions which army and navy authorities demand. Its range is three miles and more, while its speed exceeds 25 knots an hour. Other advantages are that its direction and propulsion can be absolutely controlled by electricity. Furthermore, a charge can be placed in it strong enough to destroy the most powerful ironclad at a distance of from 50 or more feet, and the explosion can be effected at any desired moment by the operator.

The torpedo consists of two distinct parts—the float and the fish. The dimensions of the float are: length, 28 feet; beam, 28 inches; depth, 18 inches. The fish is 32 feet long, and has a diameter of 25 inches. The float prevents the sinking of the torpedo, while the fish contains the mechanism. These two parts are connected by means of steel bars. The forepart of the torpedo is of conical shape, with a very sharp-pointed ram, which enables a torpedo either to break an obstacle or to dive under it. Both the float and the fish are made of copper. The former is filled with an unsubmergible stuff, while the latter is divided into four compartments with water-tight bulkheads. Each compartment is separate from the others, and can be taken apart and put together in fifteen minutes for immediate service. The forward compartment of the three-mile torpedo carries a charge of 500 pounds of emmensite, with an explosive force equal to 1000 pounds of No. 1 dynamite.

The next compartment is empty, and the third carries the cable. To keep the weight down no reel is employed, and to avoid the risk of tangle the cable is ingeniously wound into a hollow coil, from which it pays out absolutely limp and without any tordional strain. This mode of arrangement also avoids the loss of power which would follow the dragging of the cable from a reel on shore, and any possible damage to perfect insulation.

The fourth compartment contains the electric motor and steering-gear. The screw, 30 inches in diameter, revolves at a speed of 750 to 800 revolutions, being geared down from the motor, whose speed is 1500 to 1600. The rudder is fixed aft, about one metre in front of the screw.

The total weight, ready for service, is 3000 pounds. The motor weighs 764, and the cable about 10 ounces per foot. The cable is compound, and has a small insulated conductor in the centre for the steering current, and an annular conductor for the motor current. The cable has a very high insulation, and being far superior to any foreign make, represents a triumph of American industry. The motor and generator are Edison's invention. The motor is two poles, series wound, and of great resistance. The generator is an Edison marine dynamo, with a normal capacity of 1800 volts at terminus, and 28 ampères. At full speed the motor absorbs from 1300 to 1400 volts, which at 25 ampères of current develop mechanically about 33 horse-power. The steering of the torpedo is effected by a powerful electromagnet, through which the main current is sent by a strong polarized relay, actuated by the current of the battery through the central conductor of the cable. The torpedo is operated from a key-board with two keys, or one pole-changing key and switch, which, under the hand of the officer in charge, control the relay in the fish, and the rudder may thus be thrown to starboard or port at will. This fully explains why the course of the boat can be changed in any desired direction at any moment. A dial on the key-board indicates every movement of the launched torpedo, and also shows whenever the deadly weapon strikes an obstacle, whether it is day or night.

The construction of the Sims-Edison torpedo is the simplest imaginable. The admirable arrangements and principles of operation of the various electric devices, it is claimed, make it a foregone conclusion that all of them can be relied on to do their duty at any desirable moment, and under any condition whatsoever. At a recent official trial made to test the indestructibility of the float, double-shotted canister charges, each containing 32 balls, were fired from a 32-pound howitzer five times at a range of 370 yards, and eight times at a range of 170 yards, with a result of five large holes. Notwithstanding this, the float was declared perfectly serviceable, and the death-dealing engine the same. For coast defence General Abbot and Colonel King consider the Sims-Edison torpedo an excellent weapon. The dynamo and engine which furnish the propelling current are housed in a hidden casemate strong enough to resist the severest onslaught of the heaviest guns. The torpedoes are stored in an underground basin, which communicates with the open water through a small channel, which can be easily kept out of danger.

The tremendously destructive force of 1000 pounds of dynamite is beyond all imagination. It is enough to say that the subaqueous explosion of 500 pounds of dynamite produces a mean pressure of 140,000 pounds per square inch at a distance of five feet, and 6500 pounds at a distance of 50 feet. This latter pressure is more than sufficient to sink the strongest ironclad in the twinkle of an eye.

IN MEMORIAM:

GEORGE WASHINGTON DE LONG.

ON July 8, 1879, the *Jeannette* sailed from San Francisco, under the command of Lieutenant George Washington De Long, U.S.N., for the purpose of seeking an entrance to the supposed open polar sea. The boat was crushed in the ice, and on the 13th of June, 1881, sank. After undergoing terrible privation, during which the party were compelled to travel across the ice-floes of the arctic regions, the three boats that belonged to them were launched into the ocean. One boat, under the charge of Lieutenant Chipp, was lost and never again heard of, and the other two became separated. The boat commanded by De Long was driven to the Lena Delta, and there, on the 30th of October, 1881, the commander died. This is according to the journal kept by the Lieutenant, who was one of the last to die. His body was found in the following March, together with his eleven companions, by Engineer George W. Melville, who had landed on the mainland of Siberia with the party of the third boat. The United States government brought the bodies of the commander and his companions to New York, where they were buried with honor February 22, 1884.

George Washington De Long was born in New York city August 22, 1844, and graduated from the Naval Academy in 1865. He was a man much loved by his comrades, and as an officer was admired and respected. Commander R. B. Bradford, U.S.N., was one of his classmates, and with him originated the idea of raising some memorial to the ill-fated explorer that would be an expression of the love of the class of '65. In the cemetery at Annapolis stands a monument, to which nearly every officer and enlisted man in the navy contributed, and it was decided to restrict this other memorial to the officers who graduated with De Long.

Commander Bradford entered into the work of collecting the subscriptions, and the result is the tablet given herewith. This tablet was recently erected in the chapel of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, and is the work of Messrs. J. & R. Lamb. The design is executed in modelled bronze, with the portrait medallion in the centre. The four scenes pictured represent the following episodes of the expedition: "The Departure"; "Crushed"; Bennett's Island," named after the proprietor of the New York *Herald*, who bore the expenses of the expedition; and "The Last Entry," made October 30, 1881, the day that the Lieutenant is thought to have died with his remaining two companions. The bronze is encircled by a rich mosaic and Venetian gold, and all is framed in antique oak. Mrs. De Long has been interested in this testimonial of her husband's comrades, and personally watched the progress of the work. The memorial has been placed in a conspicuous spot, and has been contributed to by every man now living who belonged to the class of '65.

MILITARY TOPS IN ACTION.

THE advantages of fighting positions aloft have been recognized in all navies, and from the galley period to this day the tops and other airy superstructures have been utilized with deadly effect by sharp-shooters. Nelson was killed at Trafalgar by a musket-ball fired from the mizzentop of the French two-decker *Redoubtable*, and in a memorable sea-fight during the hard-hitting, ramming, and close-aboard battles of the Greeks, a Persian admiral was at a critical moment "hit in the eye with a stone bow" fired from aloft, and lost the victory. Those old sailors put great trust in this plunging of missiles from overhead, for Athenæus describes with great pride a galley that had three masts, "each furnished with engines for throwing stones and large iron hooks," these last being undoubtedly the grappling-irons of the sail period. "The roundtops," he continues, "were built of brass, and in them a constant watch was kept by soldiers, to whom stones could be conveyed in baskets fitted with tackles."

It is a far cry from stones to machine-guns, but the tactical principle is the same, and so valuable that some monster battle ships of our day have as many as two tops bolted to each of their military masts. The small-calibred pieces are supported by a few riflemen, and in every conflict their work of clearing the guns, of sweeping the decks and superstructures, and of picking off, when the smoke allows, the officers and leading men, is as important as it is hazardous. In the galley days the military tops were fairly well protected, but during the sail era the topmen handling the swivel pieces and deck-rakers, and forming a special corps of musketeers, had no protection except what was given by a nest-work of mattress-filled hammocks. The steel barbettes of the present time, save in a few battle ships where they carry an overhead shield, give a protection more apparent than real, more picturesque than practical; and while the fighting crews certainly have the advantage of seeing the scrimmage, yet they present a most inviting mark to the people they are harassing.

There are many forms of machine-guns, but that used in our service is the Gatling. These pieces are primarily intended to disable or kill the enemy's crew, and with certain feeds and by certain patent gearing can, when required, discharge as many as 1200 bullets a minute. Other devices give them a slight lateral motion so as to distribute their shower of projectiles in a cone or fan shape, the extent of the dispersion being sufficient to cover a regimental front at 1000 yards. Usually the guns are functioned by a crank; but in one system, after the first discharge, the recoil is utilized to keep up the firing automatically. These weapons must be distinguished from the rapid-fire gun of which we now hear so much. The introduction of the latter is due to the necessity of protecting every ship from the great offensive power given by the torpedo to small vessels of high speed. Machine-guns are not effective against a swiftly moving torpedo-boat until it is well within the danger zone of an attacked ship, and hence the need of a more powerful weapon which can destroy thin structures at long ranges. Much ingenuity has been expended upon its development, and there exist several types of rapid-fire guns which possess great accuracy of fire, continuity of discharge, good penetration at long range, and ability of following an object in motion from a movable platform. Beginning with a revolving cannon which threw shots of about two pounds weight, the type has advanced through smaller calibres until now the system has been applied to guns which may fairly be classed as armor-piercing. The largest one of these pieces in actual use is six inches in calibre, and has been fired, with 38 pounds of powder and a projectile weighing 100 pounds, at the rate of six aimed shots a minute. "There is a limit," writes Lieutenant Sutherland, United States navy, "to the use of fixed ammunition in rapid-fire guns, due to its increase in weight and length, and within that limit the combined weight of the charge, projectile, and cartridge-case should be such that one man can handle it with ease and rapidity, and can readily exert sufficient power to extract the empty cartridge-case after firing. To my mind, the limit is reached with a weight not exceeding 60 pounds, which is nearly that proposed for guns of about four-inch calibre." This is a great development in a little over ten years—to go from the rifled small-arm to projectiles weighing between 60 and 70 pounds.

The small-arms men have frequent practice aboard ship, and, considering the difficulties of the environment, are good marksmen. It is no easy task to fire from a platform perched at the bob end of a pendulum swinging irregularly, and the results attained testify to the value of the drill and to the physique of the individual. Just now the naval and military services rest helplessly in a transition stage so far as small-arms are concerned. An army board is dragging its slow length along with experiments of known types and the invention of a new one. The army and marine weapon is the Springfield rifle, and the navy piece is the Lee magazine-gun; but the belief of experts is united upon a widely different gun, for the weapon of to-day is a magazine-rifle which will use smokeless powder, will be of small calibre, and give high velocities, low trajectories, and great range. Something ought to be done quickly in this respect, for in no other one particular save in the lack of battle ships did this late threat of sudden, sharp, and short war find us so unprepared as in the want of pieces with which our landing parties, our sharp-shooters, and our top-keepers should be armed.

LIEUT. J. D. JERROLD KELLEY, U.S.N.

CURLING IN THE NORTHWEST.

ON Raspberry Island, far below the bluff-builded city, stands the home of the St. Paul Curling Club, one of the oldest in the Northwest; certainly one of the most prosperous. On its roll are many names of Northwestern prominence, men professional, men commercial, men non-assigned to life's labors. To your Scotsman must you go mayhap for greatest love of the game, and yet it shall be hard for you to say the son of Scotia holds higher esteem for the sport of the stanes than your athletic American trained to the full knowledge of the mysteries of "skip-ship."

There is as much mist about the sport's origin as there is argument about the influence of the swift-plied "besom" when the stone needs hurrying on. You shall find one delver who says bonspiel is of Dutch origin, a "district play," another who will assert that the word is the same as the Danish word *bondespil—bonde*, a peasant; and even so high an authority as the last annual of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club cites the tradition that the game was imported to Scotland by the Flemings long before the date of the Dunblane stone of 1551.

In this Northwestern country, with its great foreign population, the sports of all nations are introduced, and the Scot has brought his. The American novice may not know a "button" from the "hog score," or a "besom" from a "head"; but give him a game or two on which to whet his appetite, and his "Soop 'er up, lad!" rings with the resonance of the strongest-lunged Highlander.

The bonspiel which began on February 2d in St. Paul is the second of its kind in the Northwest. Winnipeg, Brandon, Portage la Prairie, Duluth, Minneapolis, and other Northwestern points are represented by competing clubs. Canadians play under the rules of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club, those on this side of the line under the regulations of the Grand National Curling Club, and when the two meet, a common set of rules is adopted. The St. Paul's club's quarters are admirably fitted for an international bonspiel. The building is 165 feet by 90 feet in size, high and light, with a parlor from which, through the glass partition, spectators may view the games. There are five sheets of ice, while two of the courses are laid out for individual point-playing, which experienced curlers pronounce the best surfaces in the country. The many electric lights make the rink at night as light as day. The building was erected a year ago, all the most improved plans for a curlers' home being followed out.

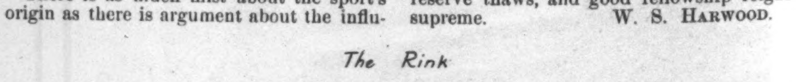
For the information of those unfamiliar with the game of curling, some brief description may be given. The stones, or "stanes," as the Scots love to call them, are globes of granite, much flattened at the poles, about twelve inches in diameter horizontally, and about four inches in diameter vertically. They are all made from imported granite, Scotland furnishing the supply. In the centre of the flattened surface is a stout handle, by which the stone is held when about to be delivered. At either end of a smooth piece of ice is a goal, which consists of a number of circles, the largest one about fourteen feet in diameter, the smallest about the size of one of the stones. Four men usually play on a side. Each one has two stones to throw. The endeavor is to place the stone so that it will lie as close as possible to the little central circle. It is possible for one side to make eight points while one "head" or side is being played, though this is seldom done. The utmost skill and judgment is shown in serving the stones when once there are several at the goal. The "skip," or captain, stands with his broom, a common kitchen sweeping broom being the style now in vogue, and directs his players, who are at the other end of the rink, where to place their stones. He should know just what effect the placing of each stone will have, and he must be a man of discernment. By a peculiar turn or twist the curler is able to give the stone what is quite like the "English" in billiarding or the curve in baseball pitching. The "skip" directs his player each time, with a motion of his broom, to deliver his stone with the "in turn" or the "out turn," as he thinks best. It is remarkable how these stones will obey the will of the curler in the matter of the "English." By the skilful use of the in or out turn the stone will be sent sliding the whole seventy-five feet of the course in an almost direct line, and all the time slightly curving. When near the "tee" or centre of the goal or head, it will suddenly swerve to the right or left, knocking an opponent's stone from some choice position and working dire havoc in the enemy's ranks. Between the centre line which crosses the rink midway and each end is drawn what is called the "hog line." In case a stone is delivered so that it does not pass the hog line, it is immediately removed from the rink.

The rink which has the greatest number of stones nearest the centre of the tee is the winner. Twenty-one of these heads is the standard number played in a contest.

The stones may weigh fifty pounds, but not less than thirty-six; the average is about forty. They cost about twenty-five dollars per set of two. Each man must supply himself with a set of stones. He may wear what he will for costume, though the Tam o' Shanter is universally favored. Many small clubs that cannot afford club-houses that play in the open on lake or river. The sport is very exhilarating, and however staid, however stoical, he who plays or he who watches, the blood must start a-tingling when the game is at its height. Dignity unbends, reserve thaws, and good fellowship reigns supreme.

W. S. HARWOOD.

The Rink



AMATEUR SPORT

THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB that is growing stronger with every season is the last to add its weight to the movement for universal classification and measurement by sail area. It has not yet given its entire support, but it has gone far enough to show how seriously yachtsmen are beginning to consider the advantages of the plan which the Corinthian Yacht Club, of New York, has practically demonstrated to be the only one combining common-sense and sportsmanship. Some few weeks ago the N. Y. Yacht Club invited one or two members from each of the prominent yacht clubs in this vicinity to a discussion of the much-vexing question—measurement. As a result, at the club's annual meeting last week, official measurer John Hyslop, in his report, suggested that in future the classification of the large yachts down to 70 feet remain as heretofore, but, including 70-footers and below, that they be measured by their racing length.

THE CLUB ALSO APPROPRIATED $6000 for the use of its Regatta Committee, and decided on June 9th as the date for the regular annual regatta. The usual cruise will be made even more of a feature than it has been heretofore, by the opening of all the stations which last autumn it was decided to establish. Nothing official was done, so far as deciding on the starting-point of the cruise, but it is quite likely to be New London. The experiment last season of making Glen Cove the rendezvous was not altogether happy. The run to New London was a hard one, and rather took the edge off the enthusiasm that had been created by the very pretty sight at the Cove, and the opportunity afforded all the friends of the club to turn out and wish the cruisers God-speed. It is too bad that a nearer point than New London could not be chosen, for there are scores upon scores who would be deprived of the pleasure of witnessing the start on account of its distance. The following officers and committees were chosen for the current year: Commodore, Elbridge T. Gerry; Vice-Commodore, Edwin D. Morgan; Rear-Commodore, William Butler Duncan, Jun.; Secretary, J. V. S. Oddie; Treasurer, F. W. J. Hurst; Measurer, John Hyslop; Fleet Surgeon, Morris J. Asch, M.D. Regatta Committee, S. Nicholson Kane, Chester Griswold, and Irving Grinnell. Committee on Admissions, Edward M. Brown, William L. Brooks, James C. Bergen, Frank T. Robinson, and D. T. Worden. House Committee, R. P. Lounsbery, John M. Wilson, Robert S. Bowne, and Edmund C. Stanton. Library Committee, J. M. Woodbury, Sanford B. Pomeroy, and J. Schuyler Crosby.

RETURNING TO THE QUESTION of measurement:—one year ago this department put itself on record as believing that within five years yachting will be conducted under a system embracing these cardinal points:

1. A permanent board representing all yacht clubs.
2. A general rule of measurement for classification, to remain in operation for a defined period from the time of promulgation.
3. The division of racing-boats into (comparatively) numerous classes under such measurement.
4. No time allowance between boats of the same class.
5. Single-gun starts, and the first boat home to win.

At the time of the first printing, each one of these points was taken up and discussed at length. It is not the intention now to repeat what was then said in detail, but it is the intention of impressing upon the readers of this department the fact that these points will dominate the sentiments herein expressed. Every season is working some change in this direction, and it must be but a question of time when what is our text now will be every one's standard. The invitation from the New York Yacht Club to the other clubs in this vicinity for a conference on the question of measurement is the forerunner of "a permanent board representing all yacht clubs," while we have already seen the "general rule of measurement for classification" under consideration.

IT HARDLY SEEMS POSSIBLE, considering the intellectual capacity of yachtsmen as a class, that the several inconsistencies which now mark yacht-racing will be tolerated much longer. To attempt to show here that confusion does exist because of the dissimilarity of club measurement and rulings would be an insult to one's intelligence; it would be like presenting *Robinson Crusoe* in words of one syllable. A glance, however, over the field as it stands will serve to accentuate the importance of the example set by the Corinthian Club, for it is really to this organization that credit must be given for having started the good work. The New York Yacht Club classifies to-day by water-line length (it must be remembered that Mr. Hyslop's suggestion has not yet been adopted, though it probably will be). The Larchmont Yacht Club classifies by corrected length, but the limits of its classes differ from the limits of the classes adopted some four years ago by the Corinthian Yacht Club. The Seawanhaka Yacht Club classifies by water-line length, but for time allowance has a different measurement and a different formula from those of the New York Yacht Club. The Seawanhaka took a small step in the right direction the past season by ruling that the 25-raters should be classified on sail area. The Atlantic Yacht Club classifies by the water-line length, but, like the Seawanhaka, makes an exception of the 25-rating class. The Eastern Yacht Club also classifies by water-line length.

THE VERY CONFUSING RESULT of all this hocus-pocus is not only do we see boats built up to the limits of a given class all racing under different allowances, classifications, and what not, but we see the same boat sailing under different measurement in nearly every race she enters; the boat to which, perhaps, she gives time to-day, will like enough to-morrow, under another club's auspices, make an allowance to her. There can be no division of opinion on the desirability of having a system that will do away with all such confusion—of having one set of rules that have been tried and sustained the test, and which shall apply to all races in which one enters one's yacht; and to have one system of time allowance, when necessary, that will permit of meeting the same boats in races under the auspices of different clubs on terms that do not vary in each event. Surely there can be no objection urged against such an arrangement.

IT WOULD MEAN more racing, greater satisfaction, more yachts, less expense, and less risk of having a racing-yacht left on one's hands at the end of the season as so much useless lumber. The history of the unsuccessful yachts (and by unsuccessful is meant those which have not proved to be remarkable) of the racing classes in the last few years will bear me out in this assertion. They have hardly sold for half the original cost. There seems but one way to reach this yachtsmen's Utopia, and that by the route towards which the New York Yacht Club headed when it sent out its invitations to a conference on the subject of measurement.

Let that "conference" be enlarged to an association of national scope, and name it the National Yacht-racing Association of America.

Will any one proclaim that the yacht-racing of this country will not be unmeasurably benefited thereby?

BUT WHAT OF THE CRUISER? Is nothing to be done for its enhancement? Last year the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Club seriously considered the feasibility of giving races exclusively for cruisers, and went so far as to sound its members on the subject. The result was not all that could have been wished. Yachtsmen seemed so absorbed in the phenomenal performances of *Gloriana* that anything so staid as cruiser-racing appeared unworthy of attention. But it's a great mistake to slight the cruiser, for really on it hinges the strength of future yachting. A series of events each year devoted to the cruiser would aid general yachting greatly. Every one cannot own a racer; in fact, very few can. It takes great wealth to follow racing closely—at least to be at all in the swim. Nearly every season brings a new class for the racer, and so it must always, until we have our rules of measurement, etc., more generally settled upon. Few yachtsmen can afford to build a new boat every year. It takes enough to run a yacht through the season, to say nothing of a new one. The discrepancy between the number of yacht-owners and the number of entries in a season's racing ought to convince clubs that they are neglecting nine-tenths of their yacht-owning members. Both the New York and Seawanhaka clubs should give races for cruisers, and they could and should be made a highly interesting feature of the season. The bulwarks of yachting are not the half-dozen millionaires that build a new racing-machine every season, but those who, by the hundreds, turn out in their yachts, longing for a bit of racing which might give their cruisers a chance, but loyal and sportsman-like to the last degrees. These are the yachtsmen whose wishes should have at least occasional recognition.

IF THE SEAWANHAKA CLUB failed to consider the wishes of the cruisers last year, it has made ample amends this year by the recent very great addition to the material comfort and pleasure of its members. It has quite stolen a march on the New York Yacht Club, which has been casting about time out of mind for an out-of-town club-house. The Seawanhaka Club a few weeks ago purchased 85 acres of choice land on Centre Island (off the coast of Long Island), having a shore front of about 2400 feet on Oyster Bay, a shore-front of 600 feet on West Harbor, and an excellent harbor with ample room, deep water, and good holding-ground. A club-house is just about being finished which will fill all the requirements of the members. It covers a space of 119 feet by 53 feet; the second floor is arranged for fourteen rooms, with special provisions for ladies; while on the third floor ample provision has been made for additional sleeping-quarters when needed. From the deck on the roof is an extended view of the Sound, New York and Connecticut shores, Oyster Bay, and entrance to Cold Spring Harbor. It is the intention to lay out the grounds about the house with the idea of meeting the requirements of a country club; tennis-courts will be made, and roads and lawns completed that will afford opportunities for every kind of out-door recreation.

A VERY POPULAR FEATURE with the members is the building of a number of cat-boats, which are to be identical in every particular, and for the use of members. Aside from the pleasure, the practical knowledge to be gained by the landlubbers in the club from these serviceable little boats will be considerable. Besides the cat-boats, the club is also building a beautiful steam-launch, 42 feet over all, with an 8-foot beam, a draught of 3 feet, and depth of 4, which will hold 30 people. It is to be finished throughout in the most approved manner and with the best workmanship. It is intended for the transportation of guests and members of the club between Oyster Bay and the club-house. The Long Island Railroad Company has built a pier out to deep water at Oyster Bay, with three landing-places for boats, and intends running trains every forty minutes from Long Island City. Two substantial piers are being completed—one in front of the club-house, for small boats, with a float 16×24 feet; and the other intended for general purposes, 300 feet long by 13 feet wide, with an L at the outer end, 20×30 feet, giving 8 to 9 feet at low water and 15 at high. A pipe is to be laid to the end of the larger pier, and the club intends supplying water thereby free of expense to yachts belonging to its members. Altogether the Seawanhaka members have the most complete equipment of any yacht club in this vicinity, and are to be envied.

THE FOLLOWING OFFICERS were elected at the recent meeting: Commodore, George H. B. Hill; Vice-Commodore, Henry Stanton; Rear-Commodore, J. William Beekman; Secretary, Leon F. d'Oremieulx; Treasurer, Walter C. Hubbard; Measurer, John Hyslop; Fleet Surgeon, J. West Roosevelt, M.D.; Fleet Chaplain, George R. Vandewater, D.D. Race Committee, Walter C. Kerr, William A. Haines, William H. Plummer, Walter C. Tuckerman, and Robert C. Townsend. House Committee, Ashton Lemoine, Auguste P. Montant, Herbert L. Satterlee, Frederick D. Weekes, and Theodore C. Zerega. For Committee on Lectures and Entertainment, A. Cass Canfield, Lieutenant-Commander, Leonard Chenery, U.S.N., and Charles A. Post. For Committee on Lines and Models, John Hyslop, A. Cary Smith, and William P. Stephens. For Library Committee, William Foulke, William Trotter, and Edward M. Townsend, Jun. For Committee on Exhibits, William Gardner, R. Alexander Rutherfurd, and William Whitlock. For Law Committee, Sidney Chubb, Charles W. Wetmore, and Arthur Delano Weekes.

CANDIDATES FOR THE MOTT HAVEN team—how this name of the old grounds that have not been used for years clings to the Intercollegiate athletic event!—are getting into harness rapidly. Although yet too early to form an idea of what the new men may accomplish, the large number that have turned out shows the spirit to be willing, at all events. At Harvard, under the expert care of James Lathrop, there are about 200 men trying for the athletic team. Next Saturday night the Boston Athletic Association games will give the first opportunity of judging Harvard's strength. A number of good men are sure to be seen, and the games will be interesting. There are new men of whom something is expected, and with the exception of J. R. Finlay and J. P. Lee, all the winners of the '91 team are back. The latter won but two points last May for the crimson, and although Finlay scored ten, Evans, who was much better with the hammer than any other representative, is back. For the shot there is Shea, who tried for centre rush on the eleven, and is a better man at this game than Finlay. Last year he was on probation and could not compete; now he is once again in the fold. White is a better man for a half than he showed last year. He ran with very poor judgment, and looked a winner until his error of making his effort too soon in the last quarter, and in consequence being done before the finish. Wright is considered at Cambridge the equal of Downs in all respects save his judgment and ability to repeat. He should have pressed Shattuck very close last year, for he is from 10 to 15 yards faster than Stead, who ran second to the Amherst man. In the hurdles there will be Fearing, who, with Green, will also take care of the high jump, Hale and Bloss for the broad jump, Sherwin for the pole vault, and Carr for the mile.

THERE IS GREATER STIR at Yale in track athletics than there has ever been. Captain W. B. Wright began work with his team January 9th, and has 125 men now in training. Nearly all these men are new, many of them never having been on a track until this year, and consequently it is impossible to tell now what may develop. Of the old men, there are Van Duzen, Lyman, Ellsworth, Riggs, Cartwright, Scoville, and, of course, Wright himself, who won the half last year in 1.59¼. Of these, the first two took places in the Harvard-Yale and Intercollegiate games respectively, while Riggs and Cartwright scored points at Cambridge in the pole vault. Ellsworth is a great runner if he can only develop sand—a great requisite to a man expected to win a race. There are a number of very promising men among the candidates, especially Allen, who will be remembered as having made some exceptionally good performances in the sprints while yet a Berkeley school-boy, and Swayne, who has given promise in the college games of acquiring a rare turn of speed in the 100 and 220 events. As the undergraduates are taking such interest in the work, there is great probability of a good team being turned out. Ryder, Williams, and Sherrill leave great holes to fill, but Captain Wright is a hard worker and persistent.

PRINCETON'S PROSPECTS ARE VERY GOOD, and the chances excellent of scoring more points than last year, despite the loss of Cary. There are Turner, Woodbridge, Swain, and Vredenburgh, four as good men as any college can produce. The first is a strong favorite for the half-mile, while Woodbridge is believed by many to be equal to defeating Carr, who won from him last year. Swain and Vredenburgh are put down to score 14 points in the sprints. The latter, by-the-way, would certainly make a great man at the quarter if he trained for it. Besides these, there are Borcherling and Ottely in the walks, and Roddy, who will be formidable whether he enters the quarter or half. Then there are eight or ten others trying for the track events. In the field events the showing is not so good, the only performer of known ability being Ramsdell, but there are candidates enough for development—a statement equally true of the weights, in which Princeton hopes to do better than she has ever done. There is an abundance of likely material, and every one is hard at work. Captain Vredenburgh is a careful trainer, and will guard his team zealously.

AT COLUMBIA THE QUALITY is greatly in excess of the quantity. There are so far only a few athletes available, but the few are very good. There is Harding, a coming man, for the sprints and hurdles, and who has recently been attracting considerable attention; Collis, one of the cleverest walkers on the track, and the present champion; Vosburgh, for the half-mile last year he did about 1.59¼; and Whitney, who has done 4.36 for the mile. Thus far there has been little activity, and the prospects cannot be judged until the men have turned out and got to work. Collis has been chosen captain, and he should begin immediately to look about for material. His office will not be a sinecure.

IT SHOULD BE REMEMBERED that there will be others in the competition this year besides Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Columbia. Amherst of course will again be represented by Shattuck, the present quarter-mile champion, and there will probably be some other good ones in the team the little college sends down, for a bigger effort than ever is being made in this direction. Both Cornell and University of Pennsylvania are now making preparations to send out a team. The former has made several attempts to get together an Intercollegiate team, but very likely the success of last year's crew and eleven will be the cause of unusual effort. The U. of P. is certain to have some formidable representatives since George Turner has been called to the trainership.

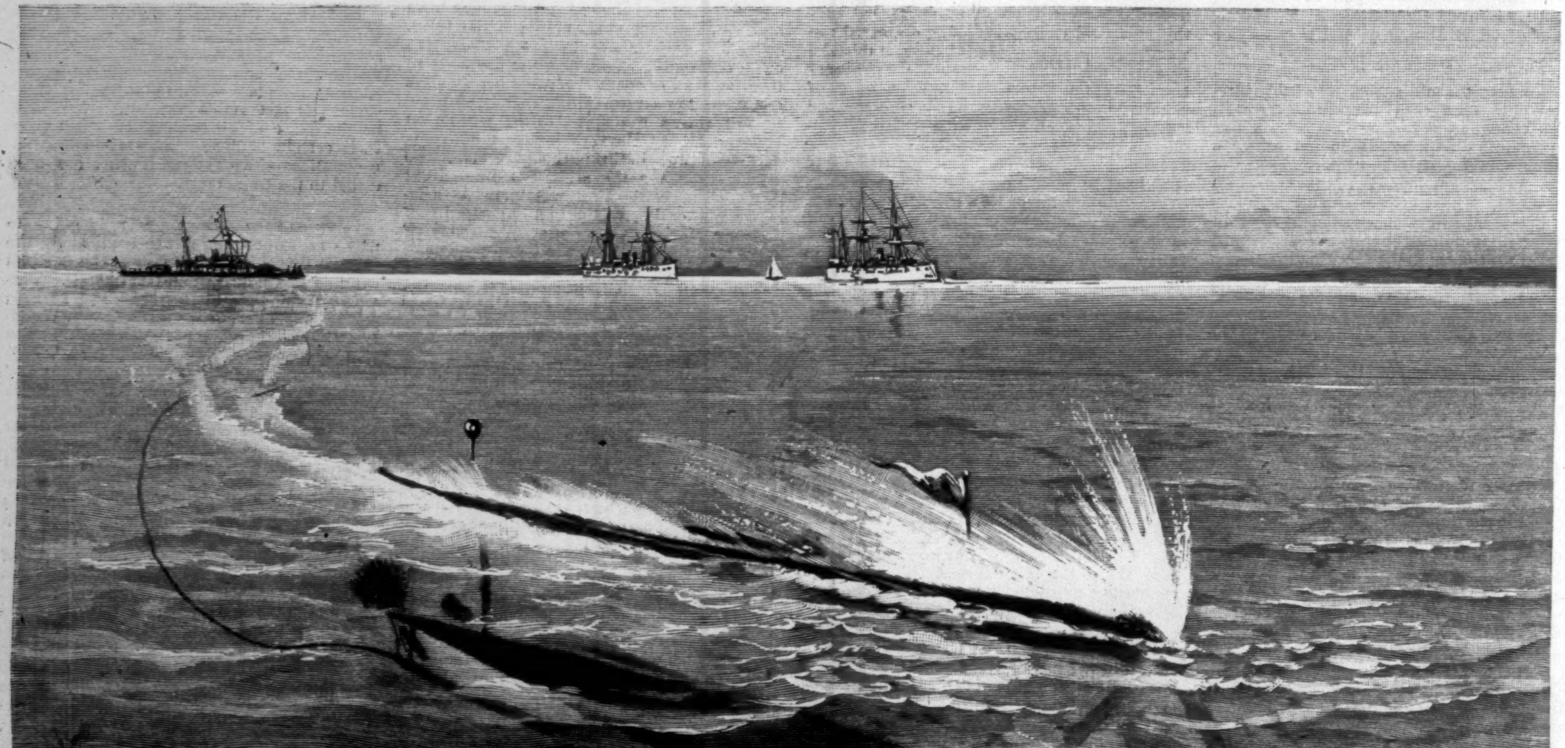
PENNSYLVANIA, BY-THE-WAY, is going to make an astonishing advance all along the athletic line this coming year. Her baseball candidates are already in good hands. Turner's work on the athletic track is well known; and the recent securing of George W. Woodruff gives assurance that the crew and eleven will be equally as well provided for. Woodruff is a skilled graduate of the Bob Cook and Walter Camp schools; he was captain of the '89 crew, and played guard on the eleven of that same year. He has been engaged for the years of '92, '93; and although his connection with the Penn Charter School will probably prevent his regularly coaching the crew during the coming rowing season, it is not unlikely he may find some leisure in which to give them the benefit of his experience. With all the advantages the U. of P. has in the great supply of material from which to draw, there is no reason why it should not become a power in Intercollegiate athletics. Pennsylvania's Graduate Advisory Committee has shown great wisdom and farsightedness; it has lost nothing, and gained much. The games next Saturday at the Academy of Music are promised and will be the best the university has given.

YALE AND HARVARD have come to no understanding on baseball dates at this writing, but there is little probability of them not agreeing on an arrangement in the next week or ten days. The coming week will very likely see also the consummation of an arrangement between Yale and Princeton in both football and baseball covering a term of years, and on the same basis as those now held between Yale and Harvard.

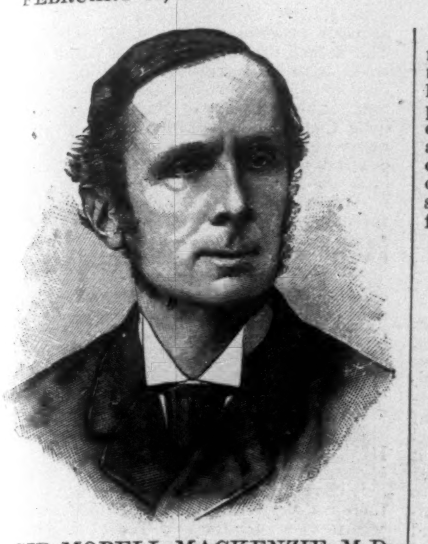
In the mean time the candidates for the college baseball and athletic teams, and those for the crews, are hard at work. There has been no especial change in the complexion of affairs since last recorded here. There are candidates in great numbers for the teams, and they are only just now at work hardening their muscles. It will be fully two weeks yet before all the old men come out and get to work, or before any opinion worthy of notice can be formed on the new men.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

THE DE LONG MEMORIAL TABLET.—FROM DESIGN BY F. S. LAMB.—[SEE PAGE 162.]



THE SIMS-EDISON TORPEDO IN ACTION.—[SEE PAGE 162.]



SIR MORELL MACKENZIE, M.D.

There died in London last week one of the most distinguished and notable members of the medical profession this age has seen. Sir Morell Mackenzie, who was knighted four or five years ago on account of his services in prolonging the life of the Crown-Prince of Prussia, who was afterwards for a few brief months Emperor of Germany, had already achieved great fame in his profession some twenty years before he was called in that case. When Dr. Mackenzie died, he was not yet fifty-five years old, and yet he had been a pioneer in his specialty of the diseases of the throat. Twenty years ago there were two such men in Vienna, one in Berlin, and none in Paris, and Dr. Mackenzie was the only one in England. He was noted for the carefulness and thoroughness of his work. In 1863 he founded the Hospital for Diseases of the Throat in London, and about the same time received the Jacksonian prize from the Royal College of Surgeons for an essay on diseases of the larynx. In 1870 he published a book on *Growths of the Larynx.*

During these years he was certainly one of the busiest men in London. Although he had an immense private practice, he lectured to students on diseases of the throat, wrote monographs on diphtheria and hay-fever, and prepared his great work, which is now the standard authority, on *Diseases of the Nose and Throat.* His fame was established and world-wide, and he had lived down the prejudice which the general practitioners of London had against him when he first set up as a specialist.

In 1887 the Crown-Prince of Germany became troubled with an affection of the throat. The great German surgeon Bergmann diagnosed the case as that of cancer, and recommended an operation to remove the dangerous growth. Before this could be performed, at the request of the Crown-Prince's mother-in-law, Queen Victoria, Dr. Mackenzie was called in. Dr. Mackenzie, according to the bulletins published at the time, did not think the disease as grave as the German doctors had done. But we shall probably never know as to this, for probably the bulletins were written or edited so as to allay anxiety. Dr. Mackenzie removed a part of the growth, and this was microscopically examined by the great Dr. Virchow, who reported that there was nothing in these specimens to "excite the suspicion of a more widespread and dangerous disease." Dr. Mackenzie therefore declared that the growth was benign, and not malignant. The German surgeons, however, insisted that the proper treatment was to remove the growth, whether it were benignant or malign.

Dr. Mackenzie had the entire confidence of the Prince and his wife, and the treatment recommended by him was followed. I remember to have seen the Crown-Prince in Queen Victoria's Jubilee procession, just when his illness had taken a grave shape. He was a fine and manly figure, but he looked both ill and troubled. Later in the same summer I met him in the Highlands of Scotland, where he had been sent by Dr. Mackenzie. His pallor had increased very sensibly, and he had lost flesh. From Scotland the English doctor took the royal sufferer to the Austrian Tyrol, and then to San Remo. It was while here that the most unseemly disputes between the surgeons took place. There were intimations that Dr. Mackenzie would not permit his patient to run the risk of an operation that might have cured him, because the death of Emperor William, then ninety-one years old, was expected at any time, and the Crown-Princess did not care to take any desperate chances that, miscarrying, would keep her from being Empress of Germany. These were unpleasant things to say, but they were said over and over again, with ever-increasing violence. When the old Emperor died, in March, 1888, Prince Frederick returned to Germany and became Emperor. His reign lasted just ninety-nine days, when he died of the disease under which he had sunk steadily for two years. Dr. Mackenzie was with him during all the last part of the illness, and enjoyed his fullest confidence. It was at the request of Emperor Frederick that his royal mother-in-law conferred the order of knighthood on the surgeon.

When it was all over, the German surgeons renewed the attack on Dr. Mackenzie, and the publication of their report appeared to have the official sanction of the young Emperor. Dr. Mackenzie replied in a book called *The Fatal Illness of Frederick the Noble,* and his professional brethren in London criticised him for publicly discussing the case of a patient. This treatment at home so disgusted Dr. Mackenzie that he resigned from the College of Physicians.

Jno. Gilmer Speed.

IN ARCADIE.

In Arcadie (so it is said),
  Where dwell all lovers true,
The paths within the woodland shade
For lovers' wanderings are made
  Just wide enough for two.

I long have tried the golden gates
  That shut out Arcadie,
But he who at the portal waits,
Obedient to higher Fates,
  Is blind—or claims to be.

He cannot see a single soul;
  Yet when a maid and youth
Come by the great gates open roll,
And Eros as a passing toll
  Claims but one word of truth.

What that word is I cannot tell—
  Yet think that I can guess:
No other word holds such a spell,
No other word would do as well,
  It surely must be "Yes."

My Lady, will you come with me?
  One whispered word from you
Unlocks the gates of Arcadie,
Where care and sorrow may not be,
  And paths are made for two.

Flavel Scott Mines.

A BIG REGULAR ARMY.

The mightiest host of this sort is the army of invalids whose bowels, livers, and stomachs have been regulated by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. A regular habit of body is brought about through using the Bitters, not by violently agitating and griping the intestines, but by reinforcing their energy and causing a flow of the bile into its proper channel. Malaria, la grippe, dyspepsia, and a tendency to inactivity of the kidneys are conquered by the Bitters.—[*Adv.*]

OUT TO THE PACIFIC COAST VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

The second tour in this popular Golden Gate series, under the personal escort of the Pennsylvania Railroad, leaves Philadelphia and New York February 24th. Space in the palatial Pullman vestibule train, composed of drawing-room, sleeping, dining, smoking, and observation cars, is almost taken up. This particular tour, in charge of a Tourist Agent and Chaperon, runs directly west as far as Cincinnati and Mammoth Cave, then south to New Orleans, and there tourists will have an opportunity of witnessing the Mardi Gras festivities; thence the train will speed for the Pacific Coast, where four weeks will be spent in California. The rate from New York or Philadelphia is $335. The third tour leaves March 24th, covering a particularly attractive route west, and returning via Mt. Shasta, Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, Spokane, Helena, Minneapolis, St. Paul, and Chicago. The rate from New York or Philadelphia is $360. The fourth tour leaves April 20th via the World's-Fair City, Denver, Colorado Springs, Manitou, with a side trip over Marshall Pass, Glenwood Springs, and Salt Lake City. Tourists may return independently within six months. Rate from New York or Philadelphia, $235.—[*Adv.*]

PUBLIC SPEAKERS AND SINGERS

Can use "Brown's Bronchial Troches" freely, without fear of injury, as they contain nothing injurious. They are invaluable for allaying the hoarseness and irritation incident to vocal exertion, effectually clearing and strengthening the voice. Ask for and obtain "Brown's Bronchial Troches." 25 cents a box.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

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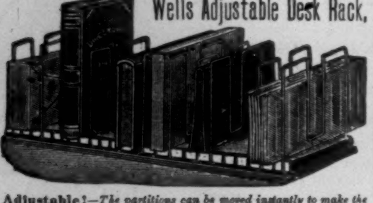
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A HISTORIC MANSION.

THE Van Rensselaer house, still standing in Albany at the age of a hundred and twenty-seven years, is not only noteworthy as a historical monument, and as an interesting example of colonial architecture, but it has taken on an interest of "actuality" by reason of the proposition to remove it bodily to Chicago as part of the exhibit of the State of New York at the Columbian Exposition. The dwelling of the family which once held Albany and the region roundabout under the name of Rensselaerswyck could not fail to have a historical interest for citizens of the Empire State. "The first Van Rensselaer," who, in fact, never saw his American possessions, is nevertheless better entitled than any other individual to be regarded as the *conditor imperii* of the Empire State. His patroonate was a fact, and a formidable fact, down to well within the memory of living men; for the manor of Van Rensselaer was the greatest of the manors, and it was not until the anti-rent war of 1840-41 broke out that any effective resistance to the validity of the original grants was offered by the tenants of these manors, and whose predecessors had up to that time for already two centuries held their lands by a feudal tenure. It was the agitation then stirred up that was finally composed by the insertion in the New York Constitution of 1846, under which New-Yorkers are now living, of the provision that "all feudal tenures of every description, with all their incidents, are declared to be abolished."

There is, we believe, but one authentically Dutch house left in Albany, and that is a humble one, and gives no adequate notion of the manner in which the patroons and high officials of the Dutch colony lived when Albany was still Rensselaerswyck. Though the mansion herewith illustrated is of a highly respectable antiquity for an American dwelling, bearing the date on one of its gables of 1765, it is yet more recent by almost a whole century than the transfer of New Netherlands to the English, and the renaming of Fort Orange after the Duke of York's second title of Albany. New York had by that time become thoroughly Anglicized; and though the Dutchness of Albany died much harder, and is not yet in all ways completely extinct, yet the building of Albany had lost in 1765 its Batavian character. Bricks, indeed, for homes so pretentious as this were imported and continued for a long time to be imported from Holland, and not from England, but the preference was commercial rather than patriotic. Like the Schuyler house in Albany, a spacious mansion of rather less architectural ambitiousness than itself, the Van Rensselaer house was as near as the builder could come to a reproduction of the prevalent fashion of town-houses in England. Its situation, too, like that of the Schuyler mansion, though distant from it a mile or more, shows that the well-to-do Albanians of the eighteenth century misjudged, as much as persons similarly circumstanced are liable to do in our own time, the direction of urban growth. These houses were built at a distance from what is now the fashionable quarter of Albany, and in regions now given over to a far humbler class of dwellings or to business of an unattractive kind.

Of course there was not a professional architect in Albany when this mansion was built, and there was scarcely one in the country. It was twenty years after that Jefferson, in his character of a zealous architectural amateur, bewailed the difficulty of finding a workman who could "draw an order." But if there was a dearth of architects, there were very intelligent and trustworthy mechanics, who could not only build a family dwelling much more solidly than their successors of our day are accustomed to do, but could reproduce with precision and not without elegance the prevailing European fashions in architecture. One of these, evidently, was intrusted with the construction of the Van Rensselaer house. The whole frontage of the mansion, including the wings, is nearly a hundred feet, so that in spaciousness it would be an ambitious house for an Albanian of our day, with its high basement and its attic story in addition to the two principal floors. The material is a dark brick with wrought-work of hewn stone, including the quoins of the angles, the sills, and lintels of the windows, and the portico of the front, though the continuous veranda at the back is of wood. The detail, as the illustrations show, is carefully and skilfully wrought, though without the machine-like and often machine-made precision of contemporary work in the same kind. Indeed, the lack of this precision is grateful in so far as it is necessary to give the impression of handwork, and the slight irregularities of the carving rather add to its effectiveness. The design of the little floral panel, for example, is feeble and straggling, but its execution is admirable, and the same praise may be given to the carving of the spandrels of the elliptic arch. While there are *naïvetés* in the detail into which a modern architect would not lapse, it may be questioned whether this work of a colonial mechanic does not give, in at least as high a degree as the average performances of our current architecture in the same kind, the impression of a gentleman's residence.

The old mansion is more impressive in its place, of course, and with the surroundings that suggest so much of history, than it would be elsewhere. For that reason the proposal to transport it to Chicago may properly be received with some hesitation. The actual historical brick and stone and wood have an interest and a value where they are that they would lose in transportation. The architects of Massachusetts have done that commonwealth a good turn by resolving to reproduce at the State headquarters at Chicago the old Hancock house in Boston, of which an illustration was given in a recent number of the WEEKLY. A like reproduction of the Van Rensselaer house would serve an equally admirable purpose for New York, and would preserve to New York the historical house itself, while the cost of demolition and transportation and re-erection would doubtless equal the cost of reproduction.

THE REVIVAL OF THE KNOUT.

ALTHOUGH the statement that Alexander III. has determined to repeal his father's celebrated decree abolishing serfdom in Russia may be regarded as somewhat premature, yet there is every indication that he has this object in view; for the new Tolstoï laws now in force restore to the "barines"—that is, to the former serf-owner class—the administrative control of the peasantry; and the same year that has witnessed the definite disappearance of the courbash, or hippopotamus hide whip in semi-barbarous Egypt has likewise been signalized by the revival of the infinitely more cruel knout in what we are pleased to call the civilized empire of Russia. And when I allude to the reappearance of the knout, it is not the criminal or political offenders that I have in view, but the unfortunate muzhik, or peasant.

For close upon thirty years—indeed, ever since his emancipation in 1861—he has been allowed to manage his own affairs, elect his own judges, his own local elders and village councils, and has been independent of his former masters. A new generation has grown up, to whom serfdom and the knout appeared, up till a few months ago, as obsolete as slavery does nowadays to the young colored citizens of North America.

That the "barines" are determined to revenge themselves by means of the knout upon these peasants for the slights and affronts which the latter in the first exuberance of joy caused by their emancipation rendered themselves guilty of towards their former masters is evident from the tone of exultation with which the newly appointed administrators notified their muzhiks of the so-called government reforms—reforms of a retrograde instead of a forward character. Both the *Grashdanin* and the *Russkaya Shion*, two influential daily newspapers published at St. Petersburg, contain among their provincial correspondence verbatim reports of several of the speeches made by the newly created "barine" officials for the purpose of announcing to the peasantry the inauguration of the altered condition of affairs. Thus the noble land-owner who has just been intrusted with the control of his district—namely, that of Graivoron, in the province of Kursk—called together the peasants now brought under his administrative control, most of whom are either his ex-serfs or their children, and addressed them as follows:

"See here, my friends, I am now your chief. It is me that you have to obey. Our lord, the Emperor, has invested me with power to punish or pardon you, as I see fit. Other laws will henceforth prevail in lieu of those which have hitherto been in force. You have been accorded far too much freedom. That is why you have become boorish, stupid, and impoverished. Drunkenness, contempt for your superiors, and atheism are now rife among you, and you lend a willing ear to demagogues and political agitators. I am determined to make an end of all that, and to punish the guilty ones. Remember, I am your first and last supreme master, and you have no right to do anything without my consent. To those of you that are submissive, I will be a father; but to the disobedient, I will be more terrible than any wild beast."

Another apostrophized the unfortunate muzhiks with these words: "The old times are coming back; the era of disbelief is disappearing, therefore any one who gets into my way and attempts to show himself a cleverer man than I am, I will deal with in such a manner as will drive all nonsense out of his head and yours, ay, even if it costs me every stick in my forests."

A third "barine" brought his speech to a close thus: "And let me tell you that I won't tolerate any appeals against the decisions which I am pleased to make. If you attempt to appeal, you will only suffer the more for your presumption. Should you trouble me with any such matters, I shall make short work, and either order you so many lashes or lock you up in the black hole."

Corporal punishment, when inflicted upon the peasantry, is limited by the new imperial decrees to one hundred lashes. As, however, there is no real supervision, and the new "barine" district administrators are independent of all control, there is practically no limit to the degree of corporal punishment inflicted upon the unfortunate muzhik at the caprice of his local tyrant.

The latter, I may add, has likewise the power of sentencing any of the peasants under his control to exile in Siberia without any other form of judicial procedure.

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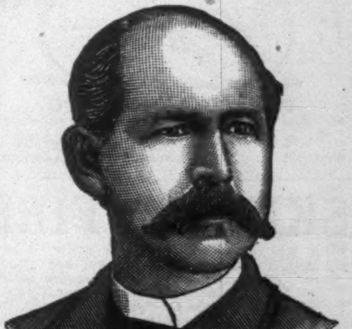

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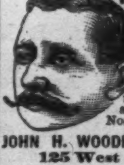

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